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A MEDLEY

—OF—

POEMS, HYMNS AND SONGS

BY

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THE PIONEER POET OF THE NORTH.

AUTHOR OF

The Key to the Prophecies, Things New and Old, Etc.

—

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INTRODUCTION.

I may just say that the contents of this little volume, and much more, have mostly come to me without plan, purpose or expectation on my part. No ambition, no effort, till some sort of inspiration called for effort. That inspiration may not be infallible; but neither is it from beneath. No! but He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh.

As regards John Chinaman, it seems like human perversity to fight hard to retain cheap slave labor, as did the South States; and then positively reject cheap free labor. At any rate, if the Chinamen be not allowed to serve the Anglo-Saxon, they may become the tools of the Russian, and come on us some day in millions, in battle array. Perhaps christian Rome thought she could shut out Huns, Goths, Vandals, &c. But no! the historian says christianity was like to become extinct had not the northern hordes embraced christianity. While the slave holder boasted that all men were free and equal in the United States, he had to maintain that the negro was not a man. Is the Chinaman counted free and equal with others, or is he "clean off from human natur' " like Sambo? At all events, if Canada is to be the wilderness of refuge for God's Church in time of trouble, at we take it to be, then there should be no poll tax on the *Christian Chinese*.

We count it no sin to eat a bit of leanish pork, nor can we say that pork eating will be prohibited in cold countries during the 1000 years; but we feel sure that when the flocks of Kedar and the rams of Nabaioth came up with acceptance on God's altar, the hog will not so come up, nor will it have any place in the blessed company of nations. So the British Empire is not that company of nations while the use of pork and strong drink prevails. But perhaps we now see Ephraim returned to Egypt, and eating unclean things in Assyria.—Hosea 9, 3.

Brown of Haddington says: The Scythians, Arabs, and Egyptians had an aversion of swine. And we know that the Sepoys having to bite the greased cartridges was one cause of the Indian mutiny. We cannot say that all this was mere prejudice; for if there were sanitary reasons for prohibiting the Israelites from eating pork and fat, the same would apply to the heathen in hot countries. On the other hand, our own heathen ancestors in northern Europe hunted and ate the wild boar; nor does it appear that they suffered physically by so doing.

Very recently an item in one of our best papers showed that some missionaries took insufficient care of their health; and the eating of bacon was the first thing mentioned as objectionable. The writer held that some things could be done with impunity in England that would not do in Central Africa. So we will not say that pork eating will be prohibited outside the blessed company of nations; nor outside of the golden city of Rev. 22nd chapter, which is said to be 1500 miles every way.

But why not look into ourselves a little? Many years ago, in a letter to the same paper a rather able writer spoke of travelling in the North West and seeing some Indian folks chasing a creature in the long grass in order to catch, kill and eat. By and by it came in sight, said he, and what do you think it was? Just a dog! He thought that was sufficient evidence of the deep degradation of the red Indian. Now suppose a Jew to be travelling, and he sees some white folks chasing a creature in the long grass. And when it came in sight what do you think it was? says he. Just a pig!

We think any song given in this book is more from above than from beneath. Some may think that he who maintains a close walk with the Creator will sing nothing in praise of the creature; but David did so in praise of Saul and Jonathan. If we call that uninspired we open a wide field for controversy. Solomon's Song might go overboard next. But we think it is even prophetic of the future, and more so than the Author knew of. Does Solomon's one song give us some idea of what his 1000 songs were like? If so, was the inspiration from above, or was it of a mixed character like the man? If you sing psalms when merry, your mirth should be reverent; but can you always keep it so? Has God any gift in the shape of song, for the multitude who are not very reverent? Is not the light and careless singing of a love song better than the light and careless singing of a sacred song? In trying to separate the precious from the vile men will differ widely.

INTRODUCTION.

VII

It will be noticed that we oppose the protective tariff as a principle but the United States and Europe are chiefly at fault in the matter.

We maintain that alcohol, opium, and other poisonous drugs, are for necessity and not for pleasure. Nor are they pernicious; but are like the precept Moses gave because of the hardness of men's hearts, or the Deity consenting to be called the God of battles; for they come to an end. Christ and his apostles never used them for healing or curing invalids, and never will so use them. The woman who spent her living on physicians, and was no better, was instantly cured. May it not be so again in the golden age if need be? For we positively maintain that there is no golden age till the visible coming of Christ, and a real resurrection, brings it in. Then the twelve apostles will sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes; they being raised from the dead as in Ezekiel 37th chapter, and placed in the Holy Land as in the last chapter. Drugs will never put an end to sickness!

If the reader thinks me too severe on liquor let him read my Appendix.

VIII

FIGURES FOR LEARNED MEN.

Julius Caesar slain in Senate.	45 B. C. $4+5=9$.
	Birth of Christ.
Jerusalem taken by Saracens.	636 A. D. Began the 1260 years during which Jerusalem is trodden down. Also the 1290 and the 1335 years.
The wound healed which "the sword of the spirit" gave to the Roman beast.	666 A. D. $6+6+6=18$. $1+8=9$.
Year specially indicated by the great Egyptian Pyramid. May be said to begin "the time of the end".	1881 A. D. $1+8+8+1=18$. $1+8=9$.
	1896 A. D. Ends the first 1260 years.
End of 1290 years. End of Roman beast. Armageddon. (See Daniel 12, 12.)	1926 A. D. $1+9+2+6=18$. $1+8=9$ Ends the second 1260 years.
End of 1335 years	1971 A. D. $1+9+7+1=18$. $1+8=9$.

The 8th and last head of the Roman beast is identified with one of the 7 heads, that is, with Julius Caesar the dictator and usurper. It is just 45 years from the fall of Caesar to the first advent of Christ. Is it just 45 years from the fall of the second Caesar at Armageddon, 1926, to the second advent, 1971? What is the blessing then promised? How does Daniel stand in his lot at the end of the days? Daniel 12, 13.

"About A. D. 666, it is said, Pope Vitalion appointed all religious worship in public to be performed in Latin." So the sword was withdrawn, the wound healed. Notice that the beast continues 42 months, or 1260 days (years) after his wound is healed, 666, till his end, 1926. Rev 13, 3-5. Notice that it is 45 years from 1881 to 1926, and other 45 after. Notice the relation of the figure 9 to the principal dates. What does it signify?

1896 A. D. ends the first 1260 years above mentioned. Some think improvement would then have begun; and the worst be past in the near East. According to others Daniel's 70th week of years comes after, and brings the worst, and begins the reign of everlasting righteousness in Zion. See Daniel 9, 24. Said 70th week seems to be detached from the 69 weeks in any case.

The worst cannot be past. The nations that saw the wind will reap the whirlwind. Each nation will not agree with others to sink each its own battle ships. No armed peace.

Whyte's Poems.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

When Law and Justice met in town
'Twas the keen dispute began ;
Proud Law was dressed in black and brown,
But Justice wore a jerkin, man.

His face, that seemed unused to laugh,
Was not by dissipation blurred ;
In his right hand he held a staff,
And in his left the sacred word ;

And in the pockets of his vest
He carried pencil, book and pen ;
And in his brow or in his breast
He fought the fibs of erring men.

Law wished him in the demon's pit,
But said it not, nor showed his ire,
While he displayed his ready wit,
And couage flushed with liquid fire.

Says he, My friend, what style is this ?
Have you been out exhorting, man ?
Says Justice, No, but you may guess
I'm not in mood for sporting, man.

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Says Law, What might the matter be?
You need a glass of whiskey, man!
Says Justice, No, you must agree
That such a cure is risky, man.

Says Law, For some, but not for you;
You've always been a sober man.
Says Justice, I'll have naught to do
With one who acts the robber, man.

Says Law, Do you refer to me,
Or only to the publican?
Says Justice, You are always free
To wear the cap that fits you, man.

Says Law, I just would like to know
For whom the cap's intended, man.
Says Justice, For a king, I trow,
So do not be offended, man.

Says Law, What mean you, man or thing?
I'm just as wise as ever, man.
Says Justice, Alcohol's the king
That beggars purse and liver, man!

Says Law, I guess you'll wait awhile
Before that king's beheaded, man,
Says Justice, Why, there's nothing vile
To which he is not wedded, man.

Says Law, The great, the wise, the just
Have dealt with him for ages, man.
Says Justice, He will bite the dust
In spite of saints or sages, man.

Says Law, He's blamed for many a deed
That sprang from deeper sources, man.
Says Justice, Did he nurse the seed,
Or feed its vital forces, man?

LAW AND JUSTICE

3

Says Law, There are so many seeds
That wander undetected, man.

Says Justice, Yes, from fields of weeds
That you have quite neglected, man.

Says Law, The powers that men create
Can only clip their borders, man.

Says Justice, I can cure the state
If you'll obey my orders, man.

Says Law, Your thought is worse than vain,
Her wealth would quickly vanish, man.

Says Justice, Then for present gain,
Good morals you will banish, man.

Says Law, We still can regulate
The faults we dare not master, man.

Says Justice, No ! for sure as fate
Presumption breeds disaster, man !

Says Law, The steed you fail to check
May soon become exhausted, man.

Says Justice, No ! he'll break his neck !
Vain hopes are always blasted, man !

Says Law, The train you fail to brake
Will halt upon the level, man.

Says Justice, No she runs to wreck ;
It's all down hill that's evil, man !

Says Law, we'll have a social glass ;
The custom helps the nation, man.

Says Justice, No, I'm not an ass !
I see her degradation, man.

He further said, Do you believe
In nursing manufactures, man ?

Says Law, I do, as men perceive
Who read or hear my lectures, man.

Says Justice, What a game you play !
 When might you think of stopping, man?
 Says Law, When fairly under way
 They'll stand without my propping, man.

Says Justice, No, the more they build
 The more they'll need your favor, man.
 Says Law, As they grow better skilled,
 They'll make a bold endeavor, man.

Says Justice, Will their skill excell
 The skill of many others, man ?
 Says Law, I guess they'll prosper well ;
 They'll just agree like brothers, man.

Says Justice, They may yet agree
 To beg an export bonus, man.
 Says Law, No, no, that cannot be ;
 They dare not risk the onus, man.

Says Justice, They would risk the shame,
 If they could grasp the booty, man.
 Says Law, You'll better pray for them ;
 It's just your solemn duty, man !

Says Justice, Let their pastors pray
 That wealth be not oppressive, man.
 Says Law, they need our wealth to-day,
 To make the church progressive, man.

Says Justice, Neither Shem nor Seth
 Nor silver saves her virtue, man.
 Says Law, We're all alike in death !
 Poor Dives can little hurt you, man.

Says Justice, True, he's weak and poor,
 But one poor Jew was wealthy, man.
 Says Law, You might prescribe a cure,
 If Dives be that unhealthy, man.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

5

Says Justice, Well, the jubilee
Brought land redistribution, man.

Says Law, The like will never be
In Britain's constitution, man.

Says Justice, Time should bring release
To poor insolvent debtors, man.

Says Law, They'd gabble worse than geese
If they could fleece their betters, man.

Says Justice, Dives will shirk the horse
And eat the hog ; 'tis foolish, man !

Says Law, I wish he ne'er did worse ;
We all are somewhat mulish, man.

Says Justice, Does the savage lie
Bankrupt in blood and stomach, man ?

Says Law, Give me a bacon pie,
And keep your pup and pemican !

Says Justice, Must the Jew accept
Great Ephriam and his bacon, man ?

Says Law, The Jew apart is kept
Till shaky things are shaken, man.

Says Justice, When the night is done
They'll wake and work together, man.

Says Law, When Judah sees the Sun
His prejudice will wither, man.

Says Justice, Him they must behold,
But not the hog ; we lose it, man.

Says Law, I hold whate'er is sold
As lawful—Scripture shows it, man.

Says Justice, No, you overlook
Some quadruped or creeper, man.

Says Law, Let custom guide the cook
Till Wisdom searches deeper, man.

Says Justice, When you rise on wings
 No lard will vex your liver, man.
 Says Law, 'Tis now that Wisdom sings !
 We wing it now or never, man.

Says Justice, No, our mortal days
 Are more sedate than cheery, man.
 Says Law, In scientific ways
 I run and am not weary, man.

Says Justice, Well, if that's your flight,
 There's peril in your flying, man.
 Says Law, The risk may vanish quite ;
 Perfection comes by trying, man.

Says Justice, No, by sea and land
 Proud science brings you sorrow, man.
 Says Law, I look for progress grand ;
 Defeat we need not borrow, man.

Says Justice, Well, We'll wait and see ;
 I'm not supposed to fight you, man.
 Says Law, When sorrow comes to me,
 To share it I'll invite you man.

Says Justice, I must face my own,
 For Justice yet has trouble, man.
 Says Law, You'll reap of what you've sown,
 And reap at least the double, man.

Says Justice, Dives will pay his debt
 When Britain acts the sheriff, man.
 Says Law, Can she retaliate ?
 "Consumers pay the tariff," man !

Says Justice, We should fear the fate
 That follows her despisers, man.
 Says Law, What bliss, when every state
 Obeys the King's advisers, man !

LAW AND JUSTICE

7

Says Justice, You can mock away,
But Reason rules creation, man.

Says Law, I serve the present day ;
I stoop to fit my station, man.

Says Justice, You will serve me yet !
You'll have to come to terms, man !

Says Law, I guess you'll wait a bit ;
I fear no fool's alarms; man.

Says Justice, I can wait my time ;
I know your ship is sinking, man.

Says Law, your words are quite sublime;
But I am used to thinking, man.

Says Justice, You may scheme and think ;
But thinking will not save you, man.

Says Law, I've stood on ruin's brink,
And still I'm here to brave you man.

Says Justice, You should blush with shame ;
You are not fit to rough it, man.

Says Law, I'm bound to play my game,
Though I should sink in tophet, man.

Says Justice, When you rise again
I hope you may be wiser man.

Says Law, If I surrender then,
Let Love be my adviser, man !

Says Justice, I'm at one with love,
We still have lived together, man.

Says Law, Perhaps we'll meet above.
I'm drifting---Love knows whither, man.

Says Justice, You are sure to drift,
While craving gifts and plunder, man.

Says Law, Though I accept a gift,
You need not greatly wonder man.

WHYTE'S POEMS.

Says Justice, You may run your course,
The race will be contested man.

Says Law, I'll mount Apollyon's horse
Before I be arrested, man.

Says Justice, Can your courser swim
The dark unfathomed river, man?

Says Law, I dare to ride on him
Though he were doomed forever, man.

Says Justice, I will surely doom
The Beast which thus will bear you, man.

But should you cry from ~~Abeel's~~ gloom, *Shool's gloom*
I wish that ~~Gove~~ may hear you man. *Lone*

THE CROOKED WAYS OF CHRIST-
ENDOM.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

Whatsoever ye would that man should do to
you, do ye even so to them.---Matt. 7 :12,

How many lands to wrong are lent
For money and for pleasure ;

By all the means that minds invent
They gather truck and treasure.

In crooked ways their strength is spent ;
Their laws are lame with error.

The woes that coming years present
May still awaken terror,

And scourge the earth with trouble.

For no combine of monied might
 Brings in the peaceful era!
 When serfs unite the same to fight
 'Tis hotter than Sahara!
 Does drug and pill and grog and swill
 Combine to make us healthy?
 Or can our knowledge, grit and skill
 For ever make us wealthy?
 No! Time will burst the bubble!

Destructive drugs and fiery drink,
 And nameless degradation,
 Have brought the race to ruin's brink;
 Yet comes the restoration.
 King Alcohol may leer and wink,
 And hold his church connection;
 But, whatsoever men may think,
 The Lord will send correction,
 Consuming chaff and stubble.

Ill-gotten wealth is sure to singe
 Both wealth and pleasure seekers,
 By drug and hypodermic syringe,
 By luxuries and liquors.
 And must the demons freely range,
 And still escape unfettered?
 Let God himself the wrong avenge.
 And let his foes be scattered,
 That worship gold, and serve it!

The cigarette leads youth astray,
 And hurts the youthful system,
 Which pines beneath the tyrant sway
 Of this degrading custom.
 'Tis Virtue's drooping stem, to-day,

That chiefly needs protection ;
But revenue and vice, they say,
Have still a close connection.
Let rulers now observe it.

See how the powers of hell combine
To spread seductive matter !
How millions on corruption dine,
And drink polluted water !
See how the painter's low design
Gives birth to thoughts unholy ;
While authors use the gift divine
To foster sin and folly,
And catch the victim's dollars !

And see how oft the marriage vow
Is held no longer binding !
How laws are made to break it now
For any paltry finding !
And coward crime, descending low,
Destroys the germ of nature,
Whose wonted growth would else bestow
The living form and feature.
Let nature whip her scholars !

Our knowledge yet is incomplete ;
Bad habits are inherent.
To Jewish eyes our blind conceit
Must surely be apparent !
We eat the swine's uncleanly meat
To feed our vital forces,
Yet wonder much how some can eat
The flesh of dogs and horses.
Is custom false ? I dread him !

CROOKED WAYS OF CHRISTENDOM. 11

And who has seen the civil power
To virtue's path returning ?
Delusion builds her flimsy tower,
The voice of reason spurning.
The trees of earth conspire to daunt
The vine of heaven's planting ;
And Pride rejects the foreign plant,
The Right no freedom granting ;
But Might has woeful freedom.

The heathen crossed the ocean's foam
To try a Christian nation.
Did Christians make him feel at home,
And teach him God's salvation ?
No! They curtail his right to roam,
And seek his race to banish.
Will retribution really come
The selfish race to punish,
And smite the lip that curls ?

The people's lands are sold away
To men who rob the stranger,
To men who act the selfish play
Of spaniels in the manger ;
Before the horse can eat the hay,
He pays the dog a ransom.
The honest man is down to-day,
But God will yet advance him.
How bountiful are churls !

Isa. 32 : 5.

Contending parties well agree
To grasp the fertile section ;
And men who keep the gospel key
Have caught the foul infection.

So may they lose, and wiser be,
 By each collapsing bubble ;
 So may they live, by God's decree,
 To gather wit from trouble,
 And shun the pool that whirls.

The Church the world's apple picks
 To satisfy her hunger ;
 The evil with the good she'll mix,
 And think she's growing stronger ;
 See cunning laws, ingenio s tricks,
 Bazaars and social suppers !
 While help is sought from politics
 To draw the dimes and coppers,
 And dollar bills and quarters.

To suffer wrong for sake of right
 Is sadly out of fashion ;
 The law protects the man of might,
 And tempts the man of passion ;
 That civil power may ill delight
 In wealth or population,
 Whose laws increase the moral blight
 That stultifies the nation,
 And grace for glory barbers.

God's rule, they say, will never do,
 Applied to matters civil,
 Till once the wall appears in view
 Above the surface level.
 Alas for man if this were true,
 Though chief of God's creation ;
 For He will neither plan anew,
 Nor build on man's foundation,
 Nor spare his flimsy structures.

Go on and try to abrogate
The golden rule of scripture ;
Delude the small, enrich the great,
Their wayward votes to capture ;
Corrupt the mob, pervert the State,
Extend your combinations ;
But Retribution lies in wait
To test your pious patience
And spoil your gaudy pictures.

Great Greed has never found the mess
That satisfied his craving,
Nor has he succoured slum distress,
The breath of censure braving.
Will he refuse, in any case,
The usurer's percentage ?
Or will he make his profits less
For poorer men's advantage ?
Greed murders good intentions !

True, all the rich may not oppress,
When Law has made them richer ;
But Madam Greed, for want of grace,
Can never fill her pitcher.
No jewelled wealth of stylish dress
Can dignify her stature,
Nor can she find a resting place
In all the range of nature.
Greed cannot murder conscience !

That wealth would sway the sceptre still
Was much to be expected ;
The mass have always paid the bill,
The few have been protected ;
Delusion still progresses well,

And Mammon clamours louder.
 Will Vengeance come to break the spell
 With cannon balls and powder,
 And shells and rifle bullets?

The common man has never yet
 Preserved his civil freedom;
 He stumbles into error's pit
 Along with those who lead him;
 And some will take the tyrant's bit
 To spite their wiser brother.
 Will women, too, extol his net,--Hab. i,
 Or tangle one another, [13-15. r. v.
 And fight like saucy pullets?

Though Merit's king or Virtue's queen
 Be found in fields or ditches,
 The mass may not have wiser been
 Than sons of rank and riches;
 And will their hands be counted clean
 Who love the dark delusion, 2 Thes. 2-11
 Whose vile excess will yet be seen
 In times of dire confusion?
 Can light agree with owlets?
 [Isa. 60, 1-2.]

There is a low conceited sot,
 There is a vile aspirant,
 Whose life would shame the meanest lot,
 A truckler and a tyrant,
 Who, if a queen to grief was brought,
 Could seize her broken sceptre,
 And make her tend his kitchen pot,
 And say from want he kept her,
 And so did much befriend her.

The mass will yet be subject, then,
 To organized oppression,
 Because they put their trust in men,
 And wink at gross transgression ;
 They, too, unite their game to win
 By measures inconsistent ;
 The tyrant spirit lurks within,
 Confined, but still existent.
 Then, woe to each offender.

But when the King to Zion hill
 His faithful remnant gathers,
 Then these will work His sovereign will
 As seldom did their fathers ;
 It is for such that Freedom still
 Has fought the hostile ages ;
 And Freedom's march will yet fulfil
 The words of seers and sages.
 May glory still attend her.

ODE TO OPIUM.

*"It is so easy to glide into these
 fetters, at first so silken and pleas-
 ant, but afterward so galling and so
 thoroughly tightened by the hand of
 habit, that escape, self-liberation is
 impossible."*

Dr. H. H. Kane, in Harper's Bazaar.

Destructive tyrant ! Captivating savage !
 What power on earth propels thy gory car ?
 Among the heathen thus to kill and ravage,
 Upheld by armed men and ships of war !
 We hear the news resounding from afar,

How millions to thy bondage fall a prey ;
 And hast thou come like some revolving star,
 Or, like the plague, hast found thy devious
 way,

To scourge the race that first upheld thy
 dreadful sway ?

Unbridled ruin ! Bane of soul and body !
 Last, worst result of hell's inventive power !
 The dreadful hail that swept the bridge of
 Lodi

Could not the flesh and spirit both devour.
 But men will prowl by Satan's prison tower
 Who wisely shun the human foe incensed.
 Man surely finds with thee his darkest hour !
 Has ever folly so been recompensed ?
 Our nature so enslaved ? Perdition so con-
 densed ?

False light, that leads to utter desolation !
 One year of pleasure, then an age of pain !
 Despotie prince of woe and degradation !
 Whose wretched captives mostly strive in
 vain

To break the tempter's cruel, galling chain.
 And can it be that man will doom his soul
 By dealing death for sake of present gain ?
 A selfish life---a grave---is that the whole ?
 No ! sin will yield its fruit while future ages
 roll.

Vile servitor of death, that speaks deception !
 Dread stimulant, that strengthens but to kill !
 Prolific sire of madness and corruption,
 That steels the heart and undermines the will !
 And must thy demon rage unfettered still ?

TRUE PROGRESS.

17

Will neither law nor gospel daunt his pride?
How long will men consent to pay the bill,
While baneful spirits ravage far and wide?
Awake, thou sleeping Church, and stem
perdition's tide!

O, brother, sister, pray the King of heaven
To banish this destroyer from the earth!
May he from all the haunts of men be driven,
To tread again the hell that gave him birth.
He brings disgrace and shame, despair and
dearth,

To happy homes where fulness dwelt before;
Scant food and clothing, dark and cheerless
hearth;

No ray of blessed hope on sea or shore;
But still the bondage grows, and tightens
more and more.

TRUE PROGRESS.

DOWN WITH SATAN'S CHOSEN FIENDS, ALCOHOL
AND OPIUM.

True progress must consist of godly parts;
The sword will not the souls of men redeem;
Such men as Carey, Judson, Duff and
Swartz,

Should first receive our aid and our esteem.
To me their self-denying toil doth seem
The most sublime, the noblest work of love;
Then let our approbation always beam
Upon such heroes, harmless as the dove,
But mighty through the grace that lighteth
from above.

Their burden, one would think, was hard to
bear,

And yet they bore it nobly to the end,
Contrasting strong with those who seldom
fear

Their heavenly King, or try to comprehend
His holy laws ; but downward still they tend,
Inflicting wrong upon the christian name
Which they are bound to honor and defend ;
For, loving money more than honest fame,
They over-reach the natives and cheat them
in the game.

For truth and virtue some have no regard ;
The heathen sees his confidence misplaced ;
No doubt the thief will reap his due reward,
But first we see the golden rule disgraced
By those who should have sacred truth em-
braced,

That heathen minds its power might under-
stand.

And Satan's chosen fiends can now be traced
In all directions, over sea and land,
From wild Columbia's coast to "India's coral
strand".

And shall we fail to think and work and feel
For men by demons bound and led astray ?
While to the Lord above our prayers appeal,
We speak to all who wield the power to-day,
To those who roll in wealth, or run to play
By coach or rail, on steamer, boat or barge.
We ask them all to rise without delay
And cleanse the land ; but we will not en-
large,

Though speaking now of this, an empire's
weighty charge.

THE CURSE OF THE AGE.

19

Do Thou, O Lord, thy faithful servants bless,
Where'er thou hast ordained their lot to be ;
In heathen lands may nothing go amiss
With them or theirs ; make all their foes to
flee ;

May all their hope and courage rest on Thee,
For now their work is marred by foes at
home.

May godly princes rise, by thy decree,
To rule the land or plough the ocean's foam ;
And still maintain the right, wherever called
to roam.

THE CURSE OF THE AGE.

*A good tree cannot bring forth evil
fruit, neither can a corrupt tree
bring forth good fruit. Every tree
that bringeth not forth good fruit is
hewn down and cast into the fire.*

Matt. 7, 18-19.

*"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave."*

Sankey's Hymns.

SHALL WE, THEN, RESCUE THE DRUNKARD, AND
BRING HIM INTO THE CHURCH, AND THERE
HOLD TO HIS LIPS THE VERY DEMON
FROM WHICH WE HAVE TRIED TO SAVE
HIM?

For disobedience man was doomed to die ;
A sinful world in woeful darkness lay ;
Eternal Death, the child of sin, was nigh ;

And how could man escape his tyrant sway?
The angels all were powerless. How could
they

Redeem the souls of men by Satan bound?
But now the fiery doom is turned away;
For sinners God himself a ransom found;
His Son endured the cross, and is with glory
crowned.

And many a woeful year has flitted by
Since Jesus died to save a guilty race;
Yet signs of coming trouble dim the sky,
And Satan's evil work goes on apace.
One giant demon flaunts his hideous face
In this great land of wayward hope, and pride.
Let rulers now consider well the case,
And crush the liquor fiend on every side,
That souls may not be lost, for whom the
Saviour died.

At human hands he suffered awful pain;
And He the brunt of Death endured alone;
He gave His life that we might life regain;
He bore the sins of others, not His own.
By Him the power of Death is overthrown;
To all believers Death has lost its sting;
By faith in Christ they face the dread un-
known;
In Death's dark river some will even sing,
And mount the hill beyond with light se-
raphic wing.

He suffered more than we can understand,
Far more than mind can paint, or tongue can
tell,
To save us from the woes that crush our
land,

As well as from an everburning hell.
His faithful servants try to teach us well ;
His spirit still is near to guide us right ;
Yet leaves us free, for He will not compel
Obedience to His laws, but His delight
Is found in those who love to serve Him day
and night.

Yet, notwithstanding all that He has done,
How many fall by this devouring sin !
How few will try temptation's power to shun,
And seek for duty's path, to walk therein !
How few will work, eternal life to win,
And war with Satan's agents here below !
How few of those in power will now begin
To labor for the demon's overthrow,
That souls may thus be saved from ever-
burning woe !

He died for all, yet men of every class
Are working still His purpose to defeat.
How many youthful creatures drain the glass
To swell their foolish mirth or vain conceit !
How many older men in taverns meet,
To spend their means and fool away their
time !

Poor, needy dupes, their social chums to
treat.
Will draw the purse and spend the last half-
dime,
Misusing heaven's gift to foster vice and
crime.

How often has the drunkard staggered home
To maim his dearest friends, or lay them low
By violent death ! How many creatures
roam

From place to place, mere spectacles of woe,
By friends neglected, vanquished by the foe,
Their strength abused, their very souls at
stake!

Seek they for steady work and wages? No!
They seek a meal, a bed; and then awake
To work awhile, or steal; then squander all
they make.

The Indian, too, must fall beneath the
scourge;

The vile ingredient down his throat he pours.
On him you might compose a woeful dirge,
Or paint the madness of his wretched hours;
He heeds no law, unless through fear he
cowers;

Wild yells and crazy gestures shame his life;
His better part the hellish draught devours,
And goads him on to deeds of blood and
strife,

To fire the whirring lead, or use the mur-
derous knife.

The Hova race, the Negro, the Hindoo,
Have all been plunged in this degrading
sink.

Whole hosts of these, and other heathen too,
Have ta'en the bath, or wavered on the brink;
And still the nations deal the fiery drink,
And count their wealth augmented by the
trade;

No matter what they say or what they think,
Before the Judge they yet shall be conveyed,
And into prison cast until their debt is paid.

And still the fiend pursues his wonted course,
By ruling minds encouraged and excused;
And, how could inconsistency be worse?

God's cup is foul with liquid fire infused !
 Was ever nature's bounty worse abused ?
 Was ever man to worse delusion given ?
 This vile Satanic agent still is used
 To symbolize our only way to heaven ;
 Thus many a hopeful soul is back to bond-
 age driven.

And has the church no duty to perform
 By those who yet would break the tempter's
 spell ?

Has she no power to shield them from the
 storm ?

No frown for those who aggravate their hell ?
 Or, in her wisdom, does she think it well
 To snatch the victim from his gaping grave,
 Within her sacred courts to let him dwell,
 And there to set before the rescued slave
 That fiend from which she sought his way-
 ward soul to save ?

Not so ? Then let her now exert herself,
 And from her table thrust the baneful thing.
 Does she depend on earthly power and pelf,
 So that she dare not risk the serpent's sting ?
 Is she an angel proud, whose powerful wing
 Will smite the wretch and spare the fiend
 he dreads ?

Will men refuse to practice what they sing ?
 Or are they so engrossed with warping
 creeds

As not to see their shame nor feel their
 pressing needs ?

Will not the clergy try to introduce
 Some better drink than strong fermented
 wine ?

Is nothing fit for sacramental use
 But this perverted substance of the vine?
 Say, will it less with trash or drugs combine
 Than safer drinks of unfermented juice?
 Some say a man to great excess may dine
 As well as drink; and so they grant a truce;
 So crime and want prevail; so runs the
 demon loose.

To vice the grain has prostituted been
 Which for the poor should furnish bread and
 beef.

Why tempt the Lord to strike with anger
 keen?

Since God is good, proud man is blind and
 deaf;

He says, of sinners I am not the chief;
 He scatters baneful seed, and little deems
 That what he sows must yield a crop of grief;
 He shuns the light that straight from heaven
 beams,

And hugs delusion still, though blood should
 run in streams.

And is that subject's freedom lost indeed,
 Whom law has kept from liquor's dreadful
 thral'?

Is he undone who never used the weed,
 Nor touched the poppy's essence, worst of
 all,

Nor carried pistol, powder, cap and ball?
 St. Paul exhorts bondservants to obey,
 And many a slave has labored at his call;
 But who will face historic facts, and say
 That bondage is divine, or slaves a lawful
 prey?

The tools of strife, restricted though they be,
In time of need are yet to be desired ;
In goal or penitentiary, you see,
Bondservice yet may even be admired ;
So fiery liquors, too, may be required
Within the limit set by honest science ;
But all are from beneath, and have conspired
To injure man and set him at defiance :
'Tis not on such as these we place our fond
reliance.

They will not share the glad millennial day,
For that which can be shaken yet will shake ;
The right endures ; the wrong will pass away,
And sink at length to swell the burning lake.
When Zion, from her slumber once awake,
Redeems her strength and dons her bright
attire,
The bonds of vice will burst, her temples
quake,
And fall beneath the Lord's avenging ire,
While prophets preach the word, or "tune
the sacred lyre."

Yes, all these baneful spirits shall go down,
And bite the dust of hell from whence they
sprung ;
They writhe beneath the great Creator's
frown,
So let their fulsome praise no more be sung.
King Alcohol is doomed ! His knell is rung !
His long, destructive reign is near its end !
Though man's decision in the balance hung,
The Lord's eternal purpose ne'er could bend,
Who hears the victim's cry, the prayer of wife
or friend.

Be merciful, O Lord, to this broad land !
 Take this long-standing, shameless curse
 away !
 Forbid that any ruling power should stand,
 Which will not plan and work, without delay,
 To crush his power, and stop his raging
 sway,
 Before the rising youth have bowed the
 knee
 To worship such a demon day by day ;
 For this vile tyrant, ranging far and free,
 Degrades the human race, infesting land
 and sea.

POOR POVERTY.

THE AUTHOR WAS ONCE LIFTING A VERY
 POOR CROP OF TURNIPS. ALMOST INVOLUN-
 TARILY HE EXCLAIMED, "POOR POVERTY !
 THEN TO HIMSELF HE SAID, "THERE'S AN IDEA
 NOW, POOR POVERTY ! I WONDER WILL ANY-
 THING COME OF THAT." WE SEE HERE WHAT
 CAME OF IT.

Poor Poverty, a farmer's boy,
 Had neither wealth, nor wealth of joy,
 Nor wealth of wisdom, nor of wit,
 Nor education, we admit ;
 And when he grew to be a man,
 'Twas then his poverty began.
 A settler in the bush was he,
 Where poverty at least was free ;
 Yes, free to sin, or free to preach ;

And free to trade with all and each ;
 Abuse or use the gift of speech ;
 And rightly deal or over-reach.
 Yes, free to clear away the woods ;
 And gather gear, and gather goods ;
 And hunt and fish and eat and drink,
 Or fast and pray and read and think ;
 And pioneer the progress great
 Of style and wealth in Church and State ;
 The rival schemes and ventures bold
 Of combinations new and old.
 'Mong stumps and stones, in heat and cold,
 He took his share of toil untold ;
 For there, at length, he found a mate,
 And there he wove the web of fate.
 Poor Poverty !

Poor Poverty to church had gone
 To make his call at Mercy's throne,
 And hear a great and wise divine
 Who loved his pay, and drank his wine ;
 And had come up from down below
 To speak on church finance, you know.
 He said he could forsee the time
 When grace would conquer vice and
 crime ;
 When mortals would the Church endow
 With what is worse than wasted now,
 And every dollar lent to heaven
 Would see ten more to mortals given ;
 The church would see her palmy days,
 And earth would ring with songs of
 praise.
 He said the Lord preferred the poor
 When moth and rust were quick and sure
 To eat the garments and the gold

Poor Poverty had voted fair
To bonus railways building there ;
They were to be competing lines
In spite of all unjust combines ;
But when the bonus was secured
The competition soon was floored ;
For, to an old ambitious lover,
Those maiden lines were handed over.
Discriminating rates were made
That told against the local trade ;
Competing, too, for foreign freight,

They drew it at a special rate ;
 Home traffic paid the dividends,
 While foreign freight had wealthy friends.
 Then certain kinds of merchandise
 Were held at combination price ;
 Extortion or monopoly
 Had hold of certain things we buy,
 Both soft and hardware, salt and oil:
 And drugs were dear, and liquors vile.
 In cities flour was cheaper, too,
 Than where the wheat that made it grew ;
 With second price for city trade,
 The countryman the miller paid.
 With corporations worse than kings,
 And traders' tricks, and grabbers' rings,
 And bonuses, and railway rates,
 Poor Poverty declared the fates
 Had fought against the poorer man
 Since toil and trouble first began.
 And Church and State were both to blame,
 The greater style the greater shame ;
 And with the sinner's vain pretext
 His simple heart was sorely vexed.
 Poor Poverty !

Poor Poverty insured his life,
 To help the children and the wife,
 When he would leave them bye and bye,
 To join the great majority.
 And Providence he did implore
 To grant him competence, and more,
 Enough for each insurance charge ;
 For then his family at large
 Would lightly lean on Providence,
 When he would take his journey hence.
 He saw not where the plan was wrong

That he might never fail to pay,
 Whoever else might fall away,
 So his would get, when he would go,
 What some poor dupe had lost, you
 For they may find out how to know ;

But membership declined at last ;
The death rate soon became so vast
That charges were increasing fast ;
And then, for want of power and pelf,
Poor Poverty was duped himself.
His policy he could not sell ;
And how to pay he could not tell.
Then he, too long a blinded fool
When all too late he saw the goal

Poor Poverty ambition had ;
 He thought to better what was bad.
 His son-in-law employed his son,
 And ran a store where much was done ;
 But more might well be done, you know,
 If it were Poverty and Co. ;
 So, at his son-in-law's request,
 Poor Poverty would fain invest.

He raised a thousand on his land,
 And put it in the merchant's hand ;
 And, hoping soon to double that,
 He drank the sweet and ate the fat.
 "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip" ;
 So do not overload your ship ;
 The teamster overloads the team,
 And spoils the bay, and hurts the cream ;
 The farmer overloads his land,
 And finds it deaf to his demand ;
 So it has been, and yet will be,
 And so it was with Poverty ;
 For, where he looked for grab or gain,
 He met with nought but loss and pain.
 The merchant broke, and left the store ;
 'Twas Poverty and Co., no more !
 The game was up ! the sign was down !
 And Poverty had no renown !
 And what about the thousand then ?
 He never paid it back again !
 The interest he scarce could pay !
 But still he lived and worked away.
 Poor Poverty !

Poor Poverty had fields of wheat
 That promised wealth of bread to eat,
 With cash to cancel pressing debts,
 And pay for things the farmer gets ;
 And he got over-confident
 That mad misfortune's day was spent,
 And better days would now be sent.
 But sins that had not gone before —1st
 [Timothy, 5, 24.
 Would follow after more and more ;
 Old Satan man's accuser is ; Rev. 12, 10.
 The stroke that hurts is often his ;

And boasting, or transgression bold,
 Will always give the fiend a hold ;
 Then sorrow, searching out your fault,
 Preserves the savor of the salt,
 When Satan, from the powers above,
 Gets leave to scourge the sons of love.
 So harvest hail, and weeping skies,
 Gave aching hearts and hopeless eyes ;
 Such evil days are seldom seen ;
 The wheat was threshed or growing green ;
 And Poverty was sorely tried
 When all his expectation died.
 But interest and other debt
 Was not to be forgiven yet ;
 To raise the cash he must contrive,
 And not despair but look alive ;
 A chattel mortgage he could give,
 And so he still made out to live.
Poor Poverty !

By evils great and small beset,
 Poor Poverty had used to fret.
 Though he respected God's command,
 God's ways he could not understand,
 Until, it seemed, with failing strength,
 His inward light increased at length.
 Instead of blaming God's decree,
 His inward self he now could see.
 In psalms and chapters, once obscure,
 He saw his case and found his cure.
 If David's thirty-eighth would fit,
 Isaiah's first was clearer yet.
 He saw 'twas not in mortal man
 To crown the great Creator's plan.
 In Christ mortality must end
 Before He dare His throne ascend.

The twelve apostles, too, had gone !
 Would each arise to fill his throne?
 Or would he reign in mortal shape,
 And live in some conceited ape?
 Would Christ fulfil the Church's hope,
 And reign in Presbyter or Pope?
 Ah no ! 'Tis anti-Christ who reigns
 In mortal flesh and mortal brains,
 When mortal thinks to ape his God,
 And rule the earth with iron rod !
 Long, long the Church has been in pain,
 Like Job, whose loss was future gain.
 And as with Job, though much is past,
 Her sorest pain will be her last.
 In Satan's wrath there's little sport ;
 For well he knows his time is short.
 While he has power his wrath is cruel
 But God will always over-rule.
 Job's life was safe ! The victor he !
 And so the Church will victor be !
 Then Christ will reign upon the earth !
 His iron rod a rod of dearth
 And plague for those who break his laws,
 And vex the poor without a cause.
 Then shall the saints immortal rise
 To rule the earth and mount the skies !
 Instead of blind, satanic force,
 The better, then, will rule the worse.
 This life a length of happy days,
 With riches, honors ? What a craze !
 This life does like a vapour seem ;
 Or like a fleeting, restless dream.
 Can mortal bear unsullied bliss,
 And reach the promised happiness ?
 Obedience to the Holy One

Is taught by trouble undergone ;
 [Heb. 5, 8.
 Without it human heart or head
 Has never yet been perfect made ;
 It has not been, nor will it be,
 By word of truth that we can see.
 The saint must wait or vainly fret ;
 Immortal saints the boon will get ;
 The mortal must believe and wait
 If he would reach the better state ;
 If better state were not to be
 The promise fails for Poverty.
 Poor Poverty !

So winter came, both bleak and cold,
 And tempests reveled as of old ;
 And some poor folk, whose locks were
 gray,
 Gave up the strife and passed away ;
 And Poverty, with coat threadbare,
 Could scarcely face the frosty air.
 But at midwinter, strange to tell,
 There came a soft and sloppy spell ;
 And some, perhaps, would have it so
 Where work was scarce or wages low ;
 But some, again, were doomed to know
 That wet was worse than wind and snow ;
 A trouble called La Grippe, you see,
 Took hold on feeble Poverty ;
 So Poverty lay down to die,
 And found his mansion in the sky.
 There, from the woes of earth set free,
 I tell you he no more will be
 Poor Poverty.

THE OLD PESSIMIST AND HIS GRANDSON.

THE OLD PESSIMIST IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE LIVED IN THE UNITED STATES WHEN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY PROPOSED TO LOWER THE DUTIES ON LIQUORS AND TOBACCOS, WHILE MAINTAINING A HIGH PROTECTIVE TARIFF ON MORE USEFUL ARTICLES.

The old man took the growing boy and led him by the hand.

My boy, says he, you'll walk with me ; I'll make you understand

What sort of world you're like to find when you become a man.

There ne'er was such a world before since first the world began.

Men mock at age, and poison youth ; and some are paid to do it ;

While saints pervert the word of truth for want of seeing through it.

They build on sand ! It cannot stand ! It must come down, I trow !

No mortal man, or creed or clan, will end the reign of woe.

And sure the boy believed his word, and wished it weren't so.

— Good things are dear enough, my boy ; must evil things be cheap ?

We hustle round the hustings now like flocks of silly sheep.

Our candidates are clever men, and all of good report ;

And they can show that high is low, and
 prove that long is short.
 Cheap goods, they say, would kill the state ;
 cheap frog may save your life ;
 While cheap tobacco soothes a man, and
 puts a check on strife ;
 They say, the more they tax us now the
 richer we will grow ;
 But bloated wealth and brawny health to-
 gether seldom go.
 And still the boy believed his word, and
 wished it weren't so.

 America's the dumping ground for 'dulterat-
 ed teas ;
 And sure there's more than coffee mixed
 with something worse than peas.
 Narcotics, drugs and stimulants are used by
 everybody.
 They'll soothe your soul with opiates, and
 hide your shame with shoddy.
 You'll better shun the hollow style our
 gentry now put on ;
 Both easy gents and workers too have much
 to mischief gone ;
 They'll cuss an' drink, an' swear an' wink, an'
 laugh at folks, you know ;
 'Twould serve them right if dynamite would
 up the sinners' blow.
 And still the boy believed his word, and
 wished it weren't so.

 And wealthy congregations, lad, are swayed
 by Satan's imps.
 The church that frowns on poverty has
 cushioned pews for p---s.

And many learned preachers, lad, will drink
with Deacon Rum ;
And think to renovate the earth, and make
the kingdom come.
Tobacco juice, and whiskey too, can in the
pulpit shine ;
And still the priest is free to feast on alco-
holic wine ;
But should they lose their balance, lad, then
out at once they go.
The purging place for such disgrace, they
say, is down below.
And still the boy believed his word, and
wished it weren't so.
Good times, they say, are coming now, and
wars are like to cease ;
For Anglo-Israel yet will make the nations
keep the peace.
With battle ships upon the seas, and up the
rivers too,
Her sons are strong to end the wrong, and
keep the right in view.
O yes, with fighting ships and men, good
order some would keep ;
But they who sow the wind, my boy, the
whirling wind must reap.
Those millions who are trained to fight will
surely fight, you know ;
Then might our pride the shock abide, could
pride forget to crow.
And still the boy believed his word, and
wished it weren't so.
The little thieves are painted black ; the big
are painted white ;
And here's a roguish privilege, and there's

a wrongful right.
And every day is for your gain, and Sabbath
for your sport ;
With many ways to kill the time, and drinks
of every sort.
Give Pat his rum, and Hans his beer, and
every gent his port.
Where lags your coming Lord ! they say,
your hopes are falling short !
But he will surely come, my boy, to save the
earth, you know,
From stills and bars, and strifes and wars,
and all the reign of woe.
And still the boy believed his word, and
wished it might be so.

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

When I was very young, and went to school,
I knew my lessons well enough by rote,
And seldom stood in need of much correc-
tion.
But I was rather odd, and cared not much
For youthful games and sports, yet there
were some
With whom I used to play, in summer time,
At jackstones, marbles, cricket and such like,
Or downhill ride the swift hand-sleigh in
winter.
But by and by we left both school and town,
And settled in the wild woods farther north,

Where I forfeited much that I had learned.
And here we knew privation, care and
trouble ;
But found some pleasure chopping, piling
brush,
And making sugar, logging, burning, fencing,
Planting, sowing, hoeing, reaping, threshing,
And fishing in the wood beleaguered rivers.
But rust and frost wrought mischief with our
crops,
And we were poor while some at least had
plenty ;
And these would give some pay for honest
work ;
So I was sent abroad to earn a little,
And so heard words I never heard before ;
And so with adult youth came heart discov-
ery ;
For bad communications spoiled good man-
ners,
While vain imagination wandered free.
The evil word inspires the evil thought ;
The evil thought awakes the evil eye ;
The evil eye brings forth the evil act,
Which tends to reproduce the evil word.
But better seasons came, and home came I
To help at clearing land and raising crops
To pay for sleigh and wagon, plough and
harrow,
For life's necessities and custom's cravings.
I wrought from week to week, from year to
year ;
I went to church to see and to be seen ;
I read both books and papers good and bad ;

I went to raisings, logging jobs and thresh-
ings,
To feast on sweets and meats and stimulants,
And hear the conversation, good or evil.
But reading books imparted saving know-
ledge,
And saving grace began to take possession ;
The evil spirit left me for a time,
And I, in short, was what we call converted.
I lived in close communion with God,
And loved both the Creator and the creature.
To me all things were changed, for I was
changed ;
In me the angel now controlled the brute,
And purified my heart and held my tongue.
But evil habits left their bad effects,
And health began to fail me more or less,
When in myself I made a new discovery ;
The hidden spark of genius, firing up,
Awoke false hopes, and made me discon-
tented ;
Ambition cooled the ardor of devotion ;
While youth's ungodly spirits oft came back,
And tried their best to enter in again.
And so began the uphill work, the battle,
The strife between the spirit and the world ;
Vain hope and false ambition pulled the one
way ;
The faith, the word, the spirit pulled the
other.
Desire for lawful pleasure then was keen ;
My work, I knew, was worthy of reward ;
Fair fame and kind approval seemed at hand ;
And good men's approbation seemed so
good

That heart and soul were mortified and
humbled

When that which seemed so near was still
withheld,

Till truth and conscience led the other way,
And showed that many saints were still un-
wise,

Their hope and expectation still in error,

The way of their approval still unsafe.

For they who hold that mortal man advances,

Each future generation wiser growing,

While mortal saints evangelize the world,

Or hold the nations under perfect rule,

Bring in the reign of righteousness and peace,

And represent the Saviour and His saints,

Who thus would reign upon the earth by
proxy,

May be somewhat misled by mortal man,

When Satan stands transformed as an angel,

Or when his ministers become transformed,

And stand white-robed as ministers of light.

But he who holds the truth, exposes error,

Foretells defeat where good men hope to
conquer,

Sees far-sent curses coming home to roost,

And judgment frowning over dark devices ;

Says God will not establish mortal man,

Nor perfect ruling power in sinful flesh ;

Says mortal man will not bring heaven to
earth,

But, if exalted, must be overturned,

Or humbled low beneath the hand of death,

Until He comes to whom the crown belongs,

Who never dies, but lives and reigns forever ;

So mortal man can only hold the fort

Till Jesus comes. The man who reasons
thus

Will not receive the good man's full approval,
Till Mr. Goodman stands convinced of error,
And willingly consents to know the truth.

To many saints these truths may not be
welcome.

More truth brings always more humiliation ;
And for its advocate the present world
Has no reward ; so I at least have found.

But still I laboured on, and still I kept
The path of humble toil and homely duty,
Through withered hopes and baffled aspira-
tions,

Peculiar debts and troubles and temptations;
For, had I broke away from heaven's guid-
ing,

Worse trouble, soon or late, had been betid-
ing ;

The kite that breaks the string to mount up
higher

Will fall to earth and rue its vain desire.
Vain glory shines, O Christ, but must de-
cline

Beneath the saving brightness we forsee !

No sanguinary conquest can be Thine ;
The age of peace alone belongs to Thee.

So I will not my honest faith resign ;

Nor follow sect or creed to call it mine ;
But hold the truth that surely makes me free
From error, and with reason must agree.

I would not sell my faith for love nor wine,
Nor all the pleasure self-indulgence brings.

Give me the crystal stream that is to be,
The tree of life with fruit and healing leaves.

TAM GLEN'S DEFEAT.

43

I am not satisfied with present things ;
I wish to rise with those who mount on
wings ;
I long to see the golden age of glory
So vividly foretold in bible story ;
The harvest home, the gathered wealth of
sheaves,
The saintly dead, and all that God receives.

TAM GLEN'S DEFEAT.

Fiction

O Nelly's lips are like the rose,
Her neck is like the snaw ;
Fine features cast in calm repose ;
Dark een adorning a'.
For gracefu' shape, and queenly mien,
And wealth o' dignity,
A finer lass was never seen,
A fairer couldna be.
And aft at nicht I took the road
Her bonnie face to see ;
And folk wad say I gaed abroad
When I tae hame sud be.
When I had in her favor basked
A blessed year or mair,
I courage took and kindly asked
Gin twa wad mak a pair.
Says she, when Eve and Adam paired
Fair Eden was their hame ;
On fruit and flesh nae doot they fared,

As weel as fish and game,
And their Creator gied them claes,
Nae doot the vera best ; Gen. 3, 21.
He was the Maker, scripture says,
And we may guess the rest.
She said the thoosand years o' peace
Wad soon be comin' in,
When poverty and want wad cease,
And strife, and vulgar sin.
She lent me Ned Bellamy's book,
That's weel named, Lookin' Back.
You'll ken, says she, what for tae look
When Fortun's in your track.
I kept the hint while health endured,
And rented land on shares ;
'Mang Foresters had life insured,
An' boucht an' sold at fairs.
I also joined the patron lads,
And planned wi' muckle care ;
And leuch at pills and liver pads ;
And loved my lady fair.
A wee bit stock I also took
In thoroughbreds, ye see ;
And when the breeders changed their
book
I lost my pedigree ;
For, och, unless it links wi' fate,
You'll never fortune find ;
Nor he that loves the honest gait
Ootrin the ill-designed.
I won and lost, and laboured sair,
And broke my health to boot ;
And closed my lease wi' little mair
Than when I started oot.
But faither said gin I wad try

Tae till his little fairn,
And get a wife tae milk the cye,
And work wi' sturdy arm ;
He'd either pay a daicent wage
Or else divide the gain ;
And when he fell a prey to age
The place wad be my ain.
And there was my sick benefit,
And life insurance too ;
Sae I wad gang tae Nelly yet,
And see what she wad do.
I tauld her every circumstance,
Acknowledgin' defeat.
She saw that I had met mischance
Wi' courage ill tae beat.
I said I wad endeavor less
Uncommon heichts tae speel ;
And, on the plane o' commonplace
I micht do vera weel ;
For though my grit was overtasked,
My gumption wasna green ;
And courage took, and kindly asked
Gin twa wad noo mak ane.
When Eve, said she, was half o' ane,
The ither half was man ;
And better had he never ta'en
The waefu' road she ran.
Since then the woman tempted is,
And burdened like a slave,
By vulgar man ; the 'vantage his
Wha ate the fruit she gave.
But noo the time is come, we say,
For woman tae resist ;
And gar him work and win the day
Ere she bestow her fist.

WHYTE'S POEMS.

From hence the wife the man shall drive,
 And no, the man the wife ;
 Sae let the fittest man survive,
 Wha conquers in the strife.
 Bellamy says the puir and rich
 Will soon be much alike ;
 The weak wad fill oblivion's ditch ;
 The strong wad mount the dyke,
 While feckless bodies pech and groan
 Beneath Oppression's heel,
 The braver bands are marchin' on
 Tae future walth or weal.
 In future, walth may be for some,
 But weal maun be for a' ;
 And nane will reach the kingdom come
 Wha noo are weak or sma',
 Health, walth and honor bright are mixt
 In Wisdom's happy way ;
 And in this world, as weel's the next,
 True godliness will pay.
 And sae gin ony man's pretence
 Belies the sacred sang,
 He's either short o' grit or sense ;
 We ken there's something wrang.
 Gin women wadna wed wi' men
 Till each had made his mark,
 The best wad be survivin' then,
 Like them in Noah's ark.
 And while the Anglo-Saxon race
 Pursues the promised year,
 Am I tae fill a vulgar place
 And just bring up the rear ?
 And wash and scrub and milk, said she,
 And grub wi' hoe or spade ?
 I'll something like a mistress be,

TAM GLEN'S DEFEAT.

47

Or else I'll be a maid.
The ane wha canna staun the wark
Maun try anither plan.
Get first a school an' then a kirk,
Or play the business man.
Gae aff an' tak the field again,
And warsel tae the front ;
For ye may come an' wed me then ;
But wed till then I won't.

I felt inclined tae tell the wench
Tae wyte till she was gray.
For her I wadna budge an inch,
But that I didna say.
Since frae her, then, my steps had gane
I've shunned the road I cam ;
For sic a blin' conceited ane
Wad never do for Tam.
As for the Anglo-Israelites,
Though rich in banks and stores,
They'll better tie the dog that bites,
And ring the bull that gores ;
Else when the fire is ragin' free,
Consumin' straes an' sticks,
What's left for them a heap may be
O' burnt stanes an' bricks.

TO MISS CANADA.

A LETTER FROM THE SCOTTISH MUSE
AFTER HEARING BAD NEWS.

O Canada ! The wast win'
Has waefu' news for me !
It says ye're jist a fast ane,
Or likely sae tae be.
Your face is tae the south, lass ;
Your back's against the wa' ;
Be valient for the truth, lass ;
— Be guid whate'er befa'.
O Canada ! my rare lass,
I wish the stamp divine
May never leave your fair face
That was sae guid and kin'.
They say ye're no sae guid noo,
Though maybe jist as braw ;
For fegs ye're gettin' prood noo,
— An' pride may get a fa'.
I loved ye weel at first, when
I saw ye're simmer goon ;
Sae innocent ye seemed then
In a' the walth o' June.
Noo, while ye're young an' strang yet,
Wi' style that matches a',
Beware lest ye gae wrang yet,
— And scoff at Moses' law.
I loved ye since I first saw
Your cosy winter dress.

TO MISS CANADA.

49

Your robe was white wi' dry snaw,
 And hid your sleepin' face.
 It winna shed sae weel, noo,
 The frosty winds that blaw.
 But, blessin's on your leal broo
 In spite o' frost and snaw !
 O Canada ! the lang syne
 Tae me comes rushin' back ;
 The simmer shade and sunshine ;
 The sheltered winter track ;
 When bush was robe and muff, lass ;
 But what avails it a',
 Gin ye give heed tae buff, lass,
 And solemn truth misca' ?
 O Canada ! gin dark fate
 Should follow aulder states,
 Will refugees in vain wait
 For entrance at your gates ?
 Na ! kindly let them in, lass,
 But faicht wi' tooth an' claw
 When tyranny shall trespass,
 Or greed his dagger draw.
 O' vermin, lass, a vile crew,
 Are feasting on your blood ;
 And Satan's keen tae rile you
 Wi' drouth an' fire an' flood ;
 And yet, they say, you'll shun grace,
 And smerk, and wark awa' ;
 And covet style, an' gran' dress ;
 And lauch in spite o' a'.
 But, wi' the whiskey jug, lass,
 They say you're ill content ;
 And this is in your lug, lass ;
 Gin ye could ance invent
 A practicable, first-class

Prohibitory law ;
 Tho' winds may tell their warst, lass,
 I'll heed them nane ava.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE ?

WRITTEN AFTER A TRIUMPH OF UNSOUND
 PRINCIPLES.

Shutting out foreign seeds while you nurse
 native weeds !
 Sour apple trees mulching and washing !
 Do the thistles make hay ? yes, and pasture,
 you say ;
 But the harvest will come, and the threshing.
 Give your means to endow great monopolies
 now ;
 Give the Jesuits more than a refuge ;
 Satan's lies will devour while their father has
 power ;
 And their practice may yet bring the deluge.
 There are more things in earth, and above,
 and abroad,
 Than your pur-blinded patriots dream of.
 There are heavings that stir not the rocks
 nor the sod ;
 There are lightnings you see not the gleam
 of.
 Streams of light and of love, from the pres-
 ence of God,
 For the watchers that worship and fear Him ;

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? 51

But a deluge of wrath for the sleepers that
 nod,
And the imps that pretend not to hear Him.
Does your hopeful divine count the missions
 a sign
That the Kingdom will come by his labours?
Then they must be a sign of his nation's
 deline.
Since he fails in correcting his neighbors.
If your convert improves he will eschew the
 grooves
That the nations of christendom run in ;
For they flood heathen soil with a traffic
 most vile,
As if trying just how much they can sin.
Britain's ancient queen, as in poetry seen,
Cried aloud in the face of the foeman,
There is empire broad on the Britain be-
 stowed,
But ruin hangs over the Roman !
And we know they came down on the Rome
 of renown,
Those terrible nations of northmen ;
And, as sent by the Lord, the Mohammedan
 horde
To the vengeful attack sallied forth then.
Fate the strong man defeats, and the past
 she repeats,
And her irony works execution.
What you give, that you keep ; what you
 sow, that you reap ;
Sowing wrong you will reap retribution.

O, and must the Chinese or the Russians
 seize
 On the lands of the proud Anglo-Saxon ?
 Might he do service, then, under such for-
 eign men
 As he now puts an emigrant tax on ?

THE NORTH AMERICAN FARM- ER'S PROTECTIVE COMBINE.

SOME WORD OF A GIGANTIC FARMER'S
 COMBINE IN THE WESTERN STATES, ALONG
 WITH OTHER CONSIDERATIONS LED THE AUTHOR
 TO IMAGINE WHAT SUCH A COMBINE MIGHT TRY
 TO ACCOMPLISH. HENCE THESE VERSES.

Boys, let us combine ! said the farmer,
 And let us try what we can do.
 For scoundrels we'll soon make it warmer,
 While helping the just and the true.
 Look well to your pockets, my hearties,
 And with one another agree ;
 We've long been the tools of our parties
 And this we should no longer be.
 Why should we elect men to shave us,
 And sport at the farmer's expense ?
 While some, for a bribe will enslave us,
 And yet make a loyal pretence.
 We now must compel them to serve us ;
 To do what we tell them, or quit ;
 From rival combines to preserve us,
 And break the monopolist's net ;

By grants to endow agriculture
 With shows and with prizes galore ;
 To rescue the gowk from the vulture,
 And leave him as rich as before.
 Th' inveterate scheming and sinning
 Of rulers we now must correct.
 The farmer must now have his inning
 Himself and his friends to protect.
 Let government hold every mortgage ;
 Charge interest such as they pay ;
 Give pensions to farmers of great age ;—
 Poor widows decrepit and gray ;
 Lend money to buyers and millers ;
 But lend on security sound.
 To shelter no criminal dealers
 Both nations will have to be bound.
 Cheese, butter, eggs, meat and potatoes
 Must all have a national price ;
 From timothy down to tomatoes
 Protection will balance it nice.
 Just here say the wheat brings a dollar ;
 Down east, farther west, more or less.
 A scale could be fixed by the scholar
 To regulate prices, I guess.
 Our millers and buyers and bosses
 Would all have to serve the combine,
 And hand in the proof of their losses
 On stuff that went over the brine.
 Each year have your estimates made, sir,
 Of what must be slaughtered abroad ;
 But limit the base foreign trade, sir,
 And live on the strength of the sod.
 Make poor people quit foreign dainties
 For soup of potatoes and peas ;
 And feast, like the men in the shaanties,

On pork and the cheapest of teas,
Give rich people cheese, eggs and butter ;
The best of the stock and the grain ;
Good whiskey, but no foreign water ;
Strong cider instead of champagne.
To remedy each one's depression,
Who lost by exporting, you see,
A tax on the farmer's possession
Would come by the farmer's decree.
No company dare give us battle ;
They ll have to consent, every one,
To carry our grain and our cattle
As cheap as they possibly can.
We'll suffer no more 'malgamation
Between the black sheep and the goats.
To strikers we'll grant arbitration,
And favour the same for their votes.
Tax capital, tax heavy incomes ;
The farmers, of course, we exempt ;
By rich people sorrow and sin comes ;
To please them we will not attempt.
All things we control by intention,
In city, field, forest and mine ;
For, troth, it's a clever invention,
The farmer's — infernal combine.

WILL THE BULL RULE.

PAT'S ADDRESS TO THE ANGLO-ISRAELITE.

You say the bull is bound to rule
 Where'er the sun arises ;
 You'll stop the drink, and stop the duel,
 When Wisdom so advises ;
 Make war to cease, establish peace,
 Dictate to all creation,
 And this and that ; but, wanting Pat,
 You're only half a nation.

The hero true of Waterloo
 Had Erin for his native ;
 O'Connel, Moore and Roberts too,
 And other minds creative.
 To Scotland Erin gave the Scot,
 Who gave you Stuart royal ;
 And mark the good her missions wrought
 While she to truth was loyal.

Now, if you train the youthful swain
 To walk in Wisdom's way, sir,
 When he's old he'll seek the fold,
 And go no more astray, sir ;
 So Erin's youth was blest with truth ;
 She spread the truth about her ;
 And will the foes of right and truth
 Forever fleece and flout her ?

WHYTE'S POEMS.

Though evil brought a woeful blight
 On Erin's ancient glory,
 She may the more approve the light
 Foretold in gospel story.
 With what she yet may have to cope
 There's no complete foretelling ;
 But not as you presume to hope
 Will she be soon excelling.

The evil power that is to be
 Will fall at Armageddon !
 Nor will he fall by you or me,
 But by the hand that's hidden.
 As fell before Jehosephat
 The foes of ancient Zion. 2 Chron. 20.
 So don't be proud of this or that,
 Nor plume your British lion.

VICTORIA DEAD.

So thou art gone, Victoria, gone at last !
 From war and havoc thou art well away ;
 Whate'er our loss may be, farewell to thee.
 For length of ruling years, and faithful rule,
 We question if thy like has ever been ;
 And yet, if thou canst read or hear men's
 praise,
 Thy spirit will not relish all they say.
 But thou hast con-
 quered ! Rest, grand wo-
 man, rest !

PREMILLENNIAL LOYALTY.

57

Surely the promised rest belongs to thee ;
The comfort and the spotless robe of white.
We feel bereaved of one we never saw ;
Though unacquainted, yet we say farewell !
Farewell until the fallen millions rise ;
That face we have not seen we hope to see ;
Farewell Victoria !

PREMILLENNIAL LOYALTY.

To Edward the king our fealty we bring ;
Most loyal the homage we pay.
May Truth keep him true to the red, white
and blue,
While Truth and the King we obey.
The King, if he will, by patience and skill,
May pose as the maker of peace ;
We love Britain's honor ; great grace be
upon her ;
But conquest, we think, has to cease.
False greatness devours, then loses its
powers ;

But worth is a permanent star.
Conceit humbles all, then drifts to its fall ;
No throne is established by war.
Oh King, you are mortal ! and you may dis-
cern
That Abraham's daughter and son,
By that which they suffer obedience must
learn,
As Jesus their Master has done. Heb. 5, 8.
And die like their Master, and rise from the
sod,

Before they can master the earth,
 Deal justice abroad, and smite with the rod
 Of pestilence, famine or dearth. [Rev. 2, 27.
 To Jesus men said, when He had been dead,
 Wilt Thou now the kingdom restore? Acts
 [1, 6.
 Were they not the ones to sit on twelve
 thrones? Mat. 19, 28, also 20, 22.
 And able as ever before?
 He said that to heaven the time was not
 given Acts 1, 7.
 When Zion would better her youth; Mat.
 [24, 36.
 But spoke of the hour when they would get
 power
 To testify strong for the truth. Acts 1, 8.
 Oh, that was to suffer! it was not to reign;
 [Ezek. 14, 18.
 Nor feast among servants and friends.
 No mortal can gain sweet freedom from pain
 Till sin and mortality ends!
 But some future year twelve thrones will
 appear; Rev. 20, 4.
 Twelve tribes from the dead He will raise,
 And place in His land, immortal to stand
 [Ezek. 37. 11-14.
 In their lots at the end of the days. Ezek,
 [48, 29.
 And not these alone, but each blessed one
 Whose name shall be found in the Book,
 Will stand in his lot--some thrice blessed
 spot,
 And the lot will no more have the crook.
 [Dan. 12, 1-13.

SONG OF THE REFUGEES.

We can find our way to Freedom's land to
 fell the spruce and pine,
 Where the deadly foe is but the prowling
 beast.

We can also raise provisions for the workers
 in the mine,
 While the blood of zealots deeper dyes the
 East.

We can till the fertile prairie where they
 raise the golden grain.

Than the wilderness the persecutor's worse.
 So we'll tarry for the morning of the good
 Messiah's reign,

When His land will be delivered from the
 curse.

We can even try the Yukon where they dig
 the earth for gold ;

Where we'll tarry for the dawning of the
 day ;

For the golden age is coming though the
 earth 's growing old ;

Though the rising thunder mutters far away !

'Tis the voice of revolution and of desolating
 war ;

'Tis the threat of persecution and of pain ;

'Tis the dragon's eighth edition now ap-
 proaching from afar ;

'Tis Ambition riding red above the slain !

Yet the golden age is coming with its bless-
 ings manifold !

He is coming whom the heavens did receive !
 And He will from pain and sorrow, thirst
 and hunger, heat and cold,
 And from death His whole inheritance re-
 lieve.

A HYMN FOR ARMAGEDDON

AND INTERVENING CONFLICTS.

King that for creation died !
 Great Redeemer crucified !
 Crush the beast and quell his pride ;
 Break his awful spell.
 Self-devoted, sinless Lamb !
 Prove Thyself the great I Am !
 Plead with Japeth, Shem and Ham ;
 Conquer Death and Hell !
 Of affliction we have need ;
 Blameless we can never bleed ;
 Yet with Freedom we indeed
 Covet still to dwell.
 Cause her foes to vanish, Lord,
 When they come with dread accord,
 Through her soul to thrust the sword,
 Patient hope to quell.
 Risen Saviour, glorified !
 Save Thy people, sorely tried ;
 Soon from Death redeem Thy bride,
 Whom Thou lovest well.
 Lord of lords, and King of kings !
 Sure Thy second coming brings
 More than prophet sees or sings ;
 More than tongue can tell !

LOVE DIVINE.

THOU ART MY LAMP, O LORD! 2 SAM. 22, 29.

There is a lamp that brighter glows
 The worse the waters rage ;
 Defies the flood of human woes,
 And lights the sacred page.
 That light has never ceased to shine
 Since grief and woe began ;
 It is the lamp of Love divine
 Within the heart of man.

It stayed the Saviour on the cross ;
 The martyr at the stake ;
 By it we suffer pain and loss,
 But shun the burning lake ;
 To guilty man it often brings
 Repentance, not remorse ;
 Revealing sins and sacred things
 With silent, saving force.

O sinners, by its light you see
 The living Christ who saves ;
 Who from your sins can set you free,
 And raise you from your graves.
 Grieve not the Lord of light and life
 By nursing guilt within,
 With Love divine be not at strife,
 But strive against your sin.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.
 IN ALL THEIR AFFLICTION HE WAS AFFLICTED.
 ----ISA. 63. 9.

Master truly good and great !
 Till we know a surer date,
 Christmas we would celebrate
 As Thy natal morn.
 To a vile and thankless race
 Thou has brought redeeming grace !
 Not a step wilt Thou retrace—
 Thou hast said and sworn !
 But although our hope is sure,
 Foes will plot and pleasures lure.
 Few they be whose records pure
 Do Thy crown adorn.
 Some Manasseh's wicked reign ;
 Some Uriah robbed and slain ;
 Jacob's fraud, or Joseph's pain,
 Crowns Thee with its thorn.
 Sifted servants lie and swear ;
 Man afflicts his fellow heir ;
 Sheep are held in pit or snare—
 Hurt by tooth or horn.
 Must the Hope of all who rise
 From the cradle to the skies
 Be, by heirs of Paradise,

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

63

Put to shame and scorn ?
Members of Thy body ? Yes !
Heirs with Thee of endless bliss !
Would we dare Thy feet to kiss ?
Pilgrims weak and worn !
No ! Like John we fall as dead ;
Or, like Paul, our sight has fled ;
Man's offence is crimson red ;
Sampson's locks are shorn.
Type and tongue have wrought Thee
wrong ;
Saints bewail the ribald song ;
Yet the hope that suffers long
Never was forlorn.
Rifle's crash or cannon's boom
Can but hasten Satan's doom ;
Then we see, from gulf or tomb,
Man immortal born.
But for sin we now may sigh ;
Guilty all, and guilty I ;
Guilty they who shall not die,
Nor to the dust return.
Thou hast died for them, for me :
May we live, and live for Thee !
Wrong to suffer, sin to flee,
Sins of youth to mourn.

HARVEST FIELDS CHEERFUL AND FEARFUL.

THE SONG OF THE NORTHWEST WARRIOR BACK FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Much uncut wheat your eyes may greet
First thing on harvest morning,
That's cut all right and bound, ere night
By teams from thence returning.
See Sol drink up each cool dew drop,
Some white rhime first dissolving ;
Hear that swift clip of knives that slip
By strength of wheels revolving.

Work out, work in, mind rack and bin,
Mind harness, whip and binder ;
Do right by all, both great and small,
And mock no sage reminder ;
Where fields are white let us delight
In working for the Master ;
When troubles rise let us devise
Some cure for life's disaster.

Where darker fields Death's harvest yields
See us our country serving,
While shot flies thick, and men fall quick,
No soul from duty swerving.
As wheat sheaves bright are raised upright;
Some broad wheat field adorning ;
'Tis heroes dead, where strife rode red,
Will rise on some bright morning !

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO
NEW YORK.

Fare you well, Great York, with your money-
wise work.

But beware of your shame and your sorrow.
If you bask in the ray of your splendor to-day,
You'll be in for the tempest to-morrow.
You may see bad health by your wiles and
your wealth,

Though you rule over endless acres,
Where to go to be safe puzzles any poor waif;
But I'm off to the land of the Quakers.

Will you sore grief see, in the coming melee,
For your nameless demoralization?
For dishonesty — drink? they are cannibals
three!

And they live on the flesh of the nation.
Have you vice untied since the pioneers died?
Are you proud of your loose law-makers?
While they drift to the lee they will never
suit me;

So I'm off to the land of the Quakers.

Save the great broad street, where the mil-
lionaires meet,
From the fire and the scourge if you're able;
With its elegant throngs, and its evident
wrongs,

And its modern towers of Babel.

You have white slaves yet in the land . . . the
 free,
 Both in hovels and high moon-rakers ;
 But you'll not bottle me for your cannibals
 three,
 For I'm off to the land of the Quakers.

SILENT SUFFERING.

The bliss is premature yet,
 That ripens here below ;
 Opposing foes are sure yet,
 Where we as pilgrims go.
 'Tis often by the rod now,
 That pilgrim's wiser grow ;
 But should we kiss the sod now,
 There's triumph in our woe.

Then suffer, pilgrim, suffer !
 And let your pain be dumb.
 There's richer life beyond the strife !
 You'll see the kingdom come !

Though much misrepresented ;
 Though much misunderstood ;
 Though said to be demented ;
 We know our Lord was good !
 When pilgrims, by correction,
 Were taught His holy laws,
 In all their sore affliction
 He, too, afflicted was.

Then suffer, pilgrim, suffer ! etc.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

When Autumn comes with stormy skies
 The verdure all decays,
 And snow upon the surface lies
 Through Winter's dreary days ;
 But while the storm, raging wild,
 A dreary waste creates,
 We always know a season mild
 In future time awaits ;
 And when the healing Spring arrives
 A welcome change is seen ;
 Both root and leaf again revives,
 And all the fields are green.

 So while we journey here below,
 When shadows cloud the soul,
 Blind Unbelief may callous grow,
 But Faith can see the goal ;
 For clouded lights are breaking through,
 Or else the dawn appears.
 You'll see the cloudless glory, too,
 That lights the thousand years !
 While with chastising pain we cope,
 The carnal dross it burns ;
 In seasons dark we live in hope
 Till help again returns.
 The Sun of glory deigns to shine
 On those who live for heaven ;
 A healing balm, a light divine,

Without a price is given.
 While in the stormy vale of woe
 His light we can discern,
 And He will perfect bliss bestow,
 Which we can never earn.

LINES ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

MOSTLY COMPOSED DURING A SEASON OF
SADNESS.

Pour down wild rain !
 Sweep fast, ye wintry clouds, across the sky!
 Thy fury seems to ease my heart's dull pain;
 I know thy Master cometh bye and bye.

Come drifting snow !
 Thy triumph shall be pleasing to my eyes,
 So triumph's Jesus over every foe ;
 But contrite spirits he will not despise.

Come Saviour, come !
 We watch and wait to see Thy glorious form !
 The humble spirit finds with Thee a home ;
 'Twere bliss to reign with Thee amid the
 storm.

Thou art our Lord
 And Master, who hath suffered, bled and died
 To save us from our sins, if in Thy Word
 We place our trust, and so in Thee abide.
 Throughout the night,

THE APPROACH OF WINTER. 69

When sleep forsakes us, and we lie awake,
Make us to meditate, with pure delight,
On things eternal; and, for Thy name's sake,
Control our dreams

When reason sleeps and fancy wanders wide;
Make us to shun those vile, polluted streams
Which please the carnal taste. Oh help
and guide!

Man's help will fail;
And worldly wisdom cannot make us whole,
When strong temptations do the heart assail,
And evil spirits vex and wound the soul.

Teach us Thy will!
Teach us our duty, and bestow the strength
That follows Thee, Thy purpose to fulfil,
And makes us more than conquerors at
length.

Yes, we can wait,
The day appearing none so distant now,
When Thou wilt come, in high, majestic state,
To lift the burden under which we bow!

When once the Beast
Has had his time upon this wretched earth;
When Babylon the great has had her feast
Of righteous blood, mirth, and mirth;

Then Thou wilt rise
To pour the vials of wrath upon her host.
And from the grave redeem the good and
wise

To win again the power which they have lost.
Yea more; to win
The reigning, ruling power throughout the
world;

The truly golden age will then begin;
Great Babylon is to destruction hurled!

DESPONDENCY AND ITS CURE.

Are you weary, sad and weary,
Sorely tried with toil or pain ?
Seems the future dark and dreary,
Seems your labor all in vain ?
Awkward fate your hope frustrating,
Have you fought with grim despair,
Perturbation unabating,
Dull monotony or care ?
Fight the wolf ! but when it's over
Will the mortal yet survive ?
O'er the future shadows hover
While you daily toil and strive.
Yet I would not shrink from duty ;
God would still my helper be ;
Mansions of celestial beauty
Still are kept for you and me.
Love and peace together blending ;
Sin and woe forever past ;
There the patient soul ascending
Finds the promised rest at last.
Aid unseen will often cheer us
While we tread the toilsome way ;
For our Saviour's help is near us,
And by faith we hear Him say,
"Never leave the path of virtue !

Still resist the tempter's art !
 Surely I will not desert you
 While you choose the better part !
 While the years are passing o'er you,
 Crowd them not with earthly care ;
 Think on ages yet before you ;
 For eternity prepare.
 Work in faith, and still be hopeful ;
 Never doubt my power to save ;
 While you drink the bitter cupful
 Joy matures beyond the grave.
 What is wealth without contentment ?
 What is learning void of love ?
 Shun temptation, strife, resentment !
 Set your heart on things above !
 Pain will mix with earthly pleasure ;
 Sin pollutes its passing ray ;
 Seek ye, then, for heavenly treasure
 Which can never pass away.
 Let the Holy Spirit guide you
 Up to realms of love and peace ;
 I will there a home provide you ;
 All your sorrow then will cease."
 And shall we, ungrateful sinners,
 Work against the Lord's decree ?
 Better be the faithful winners
 Of the bliss that is to be.
 Let us never shrink from duty,
 Till His mandate sets us free,
 Who, with honor, grace and beauty,
 Speaks of clothing you and me.

WHERE IS THY THRONE?

THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB
SHALL BE IN IT.—REV. 22, 3.

I love the Lord who gave me life,
And from the burning plucked His brand,
And through perplexity and strife
Has led me safe, as by the hand.
Where is Thy throne, Almighty King?
Where is the place for saints prepared,
Who of Thy love and mercy sing
Who have Thy grief and sorrow shared?
Upon this earth His kingdom shall
Established be! The Lord shall come
To reign in glory! Then we all
Shall know the place, and call it home.
The nations all will fear His name
As long as numbered years are given;
And then the New Jerusalem
To earth descends from highest heaven.
Her cubic size the angel gives;
Her golden streets are passing fair;
No evil thing in sin that lives,
Nor death nor sorrow enters there.

Another week has passed away,
And Sabbath morning comes again !
The pilgrim should have peace today,
With timely rest for bone and brain.
The better day of all the seven,
The blessed day that God has given
To raise the thoughts from earth to
 heaven,
Has surely never come in vain.

There may be some who never feel
By slavish toil or care oppressed ;
Who never felt the tyrant's heel ;
No craving for an hour of rest.
To some the Sabbath may appear
An idle day throughout the year,
A day to flaunt their stylish gear,
And use the time to suit their taste.

Some selfish mortal, toiling on
Till noon, and thence till nearly night,
Too prone may be to eye the sun,
And long for his declining light ;
Too ready, ere the close of day,
From irksome work to turn away,
And saunter home to tea and play,
And slight the chores that come in sight.

But sure the faithful working man
Will end the week with thankful prayer,
Because the Sabbath next will dawn,
And shower its blessings everywhere.
The Sabbath rest is not complete
Unless the saints for worship meet ;
Away with hate, and blind conceit ;
With needless work, and warping care !

And should the days wear slowly past,
And should the week appear too long,
The end will always come at last
To cheer the hearts of old and young.
In Sabbath, then, we surely find
A gift designed for all mankind,
To christianize the carnal mind,
And help the weak and curb the strong.

O Sabbath is the better day,
If we could use it as we ought ;
But if we sport the time away,
True happiness in vain is sought.
Then watch the thoughts that rise with-
in,

And see how oft you harbour sin,
And use its precious hours to win
Gross gains or pleasures dearly bought.

If we would heed the Master's call,
'Tis time to rub the drowsy eyes ;
'Tis easy for a man to fall,
But when he's down 'tis hard to rise ;
And fiends infest our every path,
To fan the flames of strife and wrath,
Or point to pleasure's tempting bath,
In which the deadly serpent lies.

Then let us, with unceasing care
Our daily conversation guard ;
Of every vicious thought beware,
Though such a task is often hard.
O ye who would salvation see,
Let not the vile affections free,
But hold reins and your's will be
A plentiful and rich reward.

For Christ the Lord is always kind
To those who strive to do His will.
And though we may be far behind,
Our duty is to follow still
Along the path of holiness,
That leads to everlasting bliss ;
And though at times we step amiss,
At length we stand on Zion hill.

But will not judgment overhang
The desecrater, great or small,
Who keeps the greedy working gang
At road or bridge, canal or hall,
At needless toil, by sun or moon,
On Sabbath morn, or afternoon ?
His doom will be approaching soon !
The Lord is just ! the blow will fall !

O are we really marching on
To righteousness and longer life ?
Will guilt and sorrow soon be gone,
And slavish toil, and war and strife ?
For "Having-greedy's" golden age
Let wealth abound, and traffic rage ;
Let Sabbath toil the man engage,
And Sabbath play beguile the wife.

COUNTY PROHIBITION.

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

We'll ease the fight, and look for light.
For peace we'll offer money !
No liquid rye for you and I,
But pay for milk and honey.
There's little grief in liquid beef,
Or lemonade, or biscuit ;
Just pay for lunch, your sandwich munch;
Then face the cold and risk it.
The public house we license yet,
Prohibiting the liquor.
We mean to pay for what we get ;
To deal, but not to dicker.
On every thousand's value, then,
Increase the tax a dollar.
With this we face the liquor men,
Count up if you're a scholar.
Distribute that to Hans or Pat
In tune with his assessment ;
But don't relax, nor swell his tax,
Nor water his investment.
We mean to say, the townships pay

COUNTY PROHIBITION.

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For driving sheds and water ;
With free access about the place
For Adam's son or daughter.
Express your views and read the news ;
Spend nought unless you're able ;
You'll use the bar and sitting room ;
The shed, if not the stable.
To this effect we pass a law,
Proceeding to enforce it.
Would thinking men oppose us then ?
Would wisdom not endorse it ?
Should Richman Rum refuse the sum,
Enforce the law with vigour ;
The sum invest at interest ;
The pile is growing bigger.
That yearly sum he'll yet accept,
Which he may be refusing ;
And have his shed in order kept,
His pump in trim for using.
Should it amount, in Richman's case,
To hundreds quite a few, sir ;
Hotels, perhaps, are costing less,
And roughs and paupers too, sir.
We don't pretend to compensate
For loss of bogus value.
You must curtail the Rum estate
Whatever Rum may call you.
That house or store will pay as well,
For what was first invested,
As Richman's Royal Rum Hotel,
Can scarcely be attested.
Richman swells and waxes fatter,
Scarcely works at all, eh ?
Else half rent for shed and water
Would not seem so small, eh ?

Let brewers sell their beer abroad,
 But not within the county.
 The State would have to bear the load
 If they would share your bounty.

THE SONG OF THE SAILOR ON SHORE.

IF ANY WOULD NOT WORK, NEITHER SHOULD
 HE EAT.—2 Thess., 3, 10.

ARISE YE, AND DEPART, FOR THIS IS NOT YOUR
 REST.—Mic., 2, 10.

If in Wisdom's way you elect to stay,
 And with her to live or die ;
 While you work all's well, though the deep
 sea swell,
 And the waves run mountain high.
 Can a man rest here, with the land sharks
 near,
 And the tempter foisting lies ?
 Can he wait for the wheat, where the tares
 grow sweet,
 And the siren sings and sighs ?
 There's the bar and the drink, and the pit-
 fall's brink,
 Where the sneak thief waits his chance;

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And the social wrong, with the wine and the
 song,
To assist the downhill dance.
There's the thief hand-red, and the thief
 high bred,
And the thief well schooled in the jail ;
And the thief brought low by the big thief's
 blow ;
And the poor sick thief death pale.

But the world's worst thief is the world-wise
 chief,
When his ends excuse his means,
When he says goodbye to the powers on
 high,
Or obedience cowardly feigns ;
Leading hope astray, stealing hearts away
From the great heart searching Lord.
Even Sabbath rest, and the pastor's quest,
Are opposed by wealth and sword.

Sea and land Combines : with your great fast
 lines,
And your dress coat, kid glove crime ;
With your beat-all speed, and your bound-
 less greed ;
Can you hasten the grand, good time,
When we'll see no grief by the shipwreck
 reef,

Or the railway stained with gore ;
When we'll hear, well done, like a voice
 from the sun,
And the war clouds rise no more ? Rev.

(1, 16.)

Ah, the great mind fails, and the stout heart
 quails,

While we work at the King's command.

WAR AN' HET WATER.

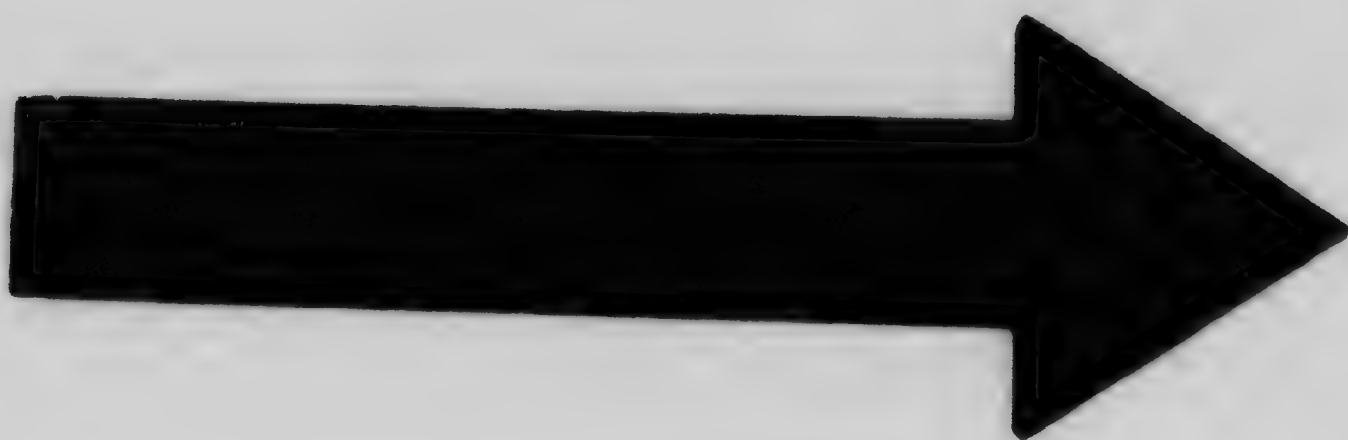
O Callan at the school,
Wha's maybe ca'ed a fule
By some uncanny imp,
Wha's sure to stoit or limp
In Greek or grammar class !
I wadna cry Jackass !
Nor tak him by the wool ;
But keep your temper cool,
An' let the evil pass,
Or bid him go to grass.
Ye'll no get muckle fatter
On war an' het water !

WAR AN' HET WATER.

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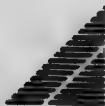
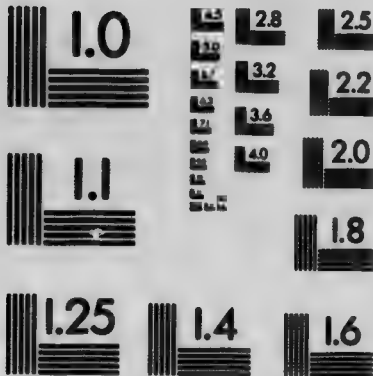
O rosy saint, half ripe!
Gin some illminded gype
Should scatter dragon's teeth
On highway, hill or heath;
Traduce an' cut an' tease,
Wi' impudence an' lees;
I wadna her misca'
Nor vengeance tak, nor law;
But simply ask yoursel
Gin ye've gie'n Sal or Bell
A chance tae trip ye up,
Or drug your social cup.
When imps defile your croon,
Permission's frae aboon;
Ye kenna what it costs
When mortal blows or boasts;
Afore the wily foe,
Like Peter, doon ye go;
Sae dinna mak things waur,
But wear the wee bit scar
Till heaven sets ye richt,
An' brings the truth to licht.
Ye'll no get muckle fatter
On war an' het water!

O man o' micht an' weicht,
Wha's prone to drink an' faicht!
Though no jist void o' grace,
Till whiskey tak its place;
Gin ony drinkin' man
Should tak ye by the haun,
An' draw toward the bar,
That causes hurt an' scar;
O, ance for a', say no!
Na, na, I winna go!
Gin I get drunk an' quarrel



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I'll vex my guid auld girl !
Ye'll better let me be !
I'm pledged, an' that ye'll see !
Gin I maun faicht, I think
I'll faicht withoot the drink.
O aye, jist tell him that,
An' never lift your hat ;
But tak anither road,
An' seek the help o' God.
Ye'll no get muckle fatter
On war an' fire water !

O nation high an' prood,
That seeks the world's good !
Gin lower anes, or less,
Should slap your sleepin' face ;
Jist rub your een, an' wink,
An' tak your time, an' think ;
An' dinna boast your micht,
But simply save the richt ;
Gar imps apologize,
But never imps despise ;
Gin they but get the power,
They'll smash ye in an hour !
Ye'll no get muckle fatter
On war an' het water !

FREEDOM'S LAND.

A NATIONAL SONG FOR CANADA.

BEHOLD I SEND AN ANGEL BEFORE THEE.
IF THOU SHALT INDEED OBEY HIS VOICE, AND
DO ALL THAT I SPEAK, THEN I WILL BE AN
ENEMY UNTO THINE ENEMIES.---EXO. 23, 20.

How great and grand is Freedom's Land
In wealth and scenic splendor !
May she be strong to right the wrong,
And check the bold offender.
Her maple leaf must come to grief
When winter breathes upon her ;
But foreign thief or fighting chief
Can never blight her honor.

CHORUS :

So may her rulers guide her well
In matters home and foreign !
May grace and skill be with them still ;
Their efforts never barren !

The nation dies that domineers !
Tyrannic force is fatal !
Let vim and virtue crown the years ;
Let Freedom forge the metal !

For then by no invading foe
Will she be over-ridden ;
No mortal hand can strike the blow
Or seize the prey unbidden.

So may her rulers, etc.

If giant might attempts the fight,
With truth and right contending ;
Let creeds and peoples all unite,
Her freedom thus defending ;
For class or creed may help her need,
But brother love is better ;
It bears the weight of church and state !
The creed is but the letter.

So may her rulers, etc.

From cold Bonanza's golden wealth
To old Atlantic ocean,
May truth and virtue foster health,
And sanctify devotion !
By frosty Yukon's richest mine
The State will nothing profit,
Unless we honor Love Divine
With some proportion of it.

So may her rulers, etc.

From evils great, from vile estate,
From error's vain endeavor,
From crime that baffles estimate,
We pray the Lord to save her.
To vice that poison's Liberty
The signal's no surrender !
She greets the faithful refugee,
But not the foul offender.

So may her rulers, etc.

THE NEW PLAY

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We march or stand at her command;
And if the tempest gathers,
We'll not forgot the mother land,
Nor shame our loyal fathers.
While Britain's call is Freedom's call,
Her daughter waits upon her,
With Liberty to stand or fall,
And live or die with Honor !

So may her rulers guide her well
In matters home and foreign !
May grace and skill be with them still,
Their efforts never barren.

THE NEW PLAY.

There's a play of late begun,
That they call, The Rising Sun !
With a song that has a merry, merry tune.
Mother Britain rules the world,
With her banners all unfurled ;
While the stars and stripes, assisting, share
the boon.

Anglo-Israel is the sun,
When the great battle's won
And the Teuton is the bright millennial
moon.

So they smite, with iron rod,
All the enemies of God,
From the morning till the heighth of sunny
noon ;
Then they look for glory's day,

When the strife has passed away,
Arctic winter giving place to endless June.
Might their sun be sinking low
Ere they know—ere they know?
Might the waning of the moon be very soon?

They are blind and they are bold,
Like the fighting Jews of old,
Who mistook the starry midnight for the
dawn ;

They were looking for a king,
Who to them would honor bring,
And would glorify himself as mortal man ;
Their theology was bright,
Like the moon's waning light,
And the fighting, false Messiah was their sun.

They would smite the Roman horde
Until Israel was restored ;
They would guide the fates of Romans,
Greeks and all.

Could the fighting Jew succeed,
Then the earth was blest indeed ;
False philosophy was gone beyond recall.
But their sun forever set,
And their moon's waning yet ;
False theology will stagger to its fall.

THE SONG OF THE ANGLO-ISRAELITE.

(Ironical),

EPHRIAM SHALL RETURN TO EGYPT, AND SHALL
EAT UNCLEAN THINGS IN ASSYRIA.

[Hosea, 9, 3.]

O our King is of the Jew ! and they say he's
Irish too ;

And his children must possess the purple
East.

They will over-ride the whole, from the line
to either pole,

When they bring to nought the kingdom of
the beast.

When the man of sin is down, let the Guelph
usurp his crown ;

And in Salem represent the sinless Man ;

For in mortal flesh He'll reign ; and they
hearken all in vain,

Who expect to hear His trumpet at the
dawn.

So the Saxon in the East, sir, the flesh of
hogs 'll fry,

While the liquor helps the State as well's the
bar !

Sober men are marching on, sir, though
drunkards go awry.

"We are marching on to war ! yes we are!"

With an iron rod we rule ! may the stroke be
never cruel,
When the Slaves are disobedient to our call.
With the dreadful plague or dearth we will
smite the sinful earth,
While the Saxon kingdom sorrows none at
all.
Then behold the dark decay of the bright
millennial day,
When the serpent must be loosed a little
time ;
For the Saxons are the saints, by the learned
man's comments,
While the Turk would fill the measure of his
crime.
So the Saxon in the East, sir, etc.

TO A GRAIN OF SAND IN A BOY'S
EYE.

Mischievous, mighty grain of sand !
By whose decree, or high command,
Dost thou forsake thy proper place
To make the tears run down his face ?
The greatest griefs that cloud the years
Are now and then a cause for tears ;
But here is grit and growing sense
Outraged by insignificance.
How little often turns the tide

Of man's ambition, wrath or pride !
How easy 'tis for Providence
To bash conceit or bold offence,
Since of the earth a little grain
Can be the cause of all the pain
That makes him weep, and sore bewail
A luckless twitch of Dora's tail.
Some stomach trouble, waxing worse,
Takes great Napoleon off his horse,
And baffles hope till, by and by,
Ambition's dreams in ruins lie.
And sure his greatest outward foe
Was just a bit o' frost and snow.
Great Alexander down did sink
When he would ease and pleasure drink.
When Caesar crossed the Rubicon
The tide was ebb—fair fame was gone ;
To evil end he ran his course
Thro' blood and tears, by tyrant force.

SPRING SUNSET IN ONTARIO.

IN THE OLD TIMES.

The sun is setting clear behind the hills ;
He tints the woods with golden rays of light !
A little while—and then the air distills
Its dew upon the fields throughout the night.
The settler's weary team no longer tills
The virgin soil, but feeds upon the height

Where grows the early pasture, and the sheep
Are grazing farther up the rugged steep,
While cattle from the milking place return
Through stumpy fields where heaps of rubbish burn.

The sun has set ! and now the western sky
Is tinted with a richer purple dye
That soon will vanish, lessening in its fire,
As farther off the solar beams retire.
A breath of air is moving from the west,
Which makes us more enjoy the hour of rest.
How beautiful the evening !---and so mild !
How rich the peaceful scenery ! How wild
The murky woods ! For now the shadows
fall,

And sable night will soon envelop all.
Would I escape the pit of woe and pain
Were I to die ere morning dawns again ?
The witness bearing Spirit soon will tell ;
If He approves my conduct, all is well ;
But if I use my members to fulfil
Unrighteousness with bold and reckless will,
The day of mercy, then, will soon be past,
And wrath will overtake me at the last.

THE ENTERPRISING THIEF.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.---Exod. 20, 15.

While yet we had the loggin' bee
 Cute robbery was rare.
 We weren't civilized, you see ;
 The robber wasn't there.
 But now we've got him in disguise,
 With smiling face, and fair ;
 You musn't cross his enterprise ;
 You'd better cross a bear.
 Yes, you'd better cross the bear,
 Or attack him in his lair ;
 The smiling thief your skill defies,
 And laughs at your despair.

C' If-denial's recompense
 He doesn't want a share.
 Each man for self is common sense ;
 Deny it if you dare !
 You speak of truthful, honest ways ;
 For truth he doesn't care ;
 But mental reservation pays ;
 Of that he's well aware.
 So you'd better cross the bear
 Than the robber, I declare.
 For Love's reproof or poet's lays
 He doesn't care a hair.

Ah, thief of grain, live stock and grapes,
Hams, chickens, cash and corn!
I wish you far beyond the capes
Of grim Good Hope and Horn,
Before you steal our bread and seed,
And leave our tables bare.
But now, to council do take heed,
And honest people spare.
Just go north, and roughly fare
With the savage roving there,
Till self-denial does your creed
And character repair!

's, do be wise---consider now
How short the feast---how small!
Beneath the hand of death you'll bow,
And worse than vomit all!
And must you be an evil weed,
Among the wheat a tare?
Go---crucify infamous greed,
Your bondage and your snare!
For we'd rather fight the bear
While for judgment you prepare;
If sinners will repent indeed,
There's mercy everywhere.

THE THRESHING.

or

THE SONG OF THE LEARNED SCYTHIAN,
WHO IS SUPPOSED TO VISIT CANADA IN DISGUISE
AND WORK AMONG THE FARMERS.

The threshing went easy enough at the first;
But mow-men, by and by, came to the worst.
"The peas come slow, are the hands rather
few?

The tank holds out, but the wood's running
through."

That some such remarks are heard on the day
They thresh Guy Pennigrab some people say.
Yet toward the evening Eddie makes 'er
hum;

Scottie's where the straw dumps, nearly ev
come.

Steady Eddie, steady! The sun's very low;
The mow's getting dark, as you quite well
know;

You want to give us tally ho just before you
stop;

Boss is in the dusty place, and half used up.

The supper's right welcome, and then away
home;

We're off ere the moon sets, cries Uncle
Tom;

The night goes by and the hands hurry back;
The mow's cleaned out, but they still have a
stack ;

They thresh till the straw men stand pretty
high.

"It's uphill work, Jack ; just come and try !
Needs another hand now, just to keep it
down ;

Better come yourself or send Harry Brown."
Steady Eddie, steady ! You thresh rather fast;
The stack's getting low and the stuff won't
last ;

We want to get our dinner, man, just before
we go ;

Steady Eddie, steady now, and thresh quite
slow.

Like threshing day life is ; you serve till it's
done ;

Before you can rest much that battle's won ;
Offence flies out from the body of sin ;
And so flies dust till the grain's in the bin,
The gain coming after the turmoil is past.
Will wise men's doings change all this at
last ?

Will my fierce descendants, doubly subject,
see

Mortal sons of mortals ruling error free ?
Steady Eddie, steady, and don't go awry,
Nor hope your descendants will fly high,
high,

And live as long as cedar trees, (sinners
ageing quick)

Ruling wicked peoples with an ironwood
stick.

THE WOES OF MR. MAPLE-LEAF

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

THE EVIL HERE INDICATED HAS BEEN CALLED "THE CRIME OF THE 19TH CENTURY." WILL IT BE SO DURING THE 20TH CENTURY, OR WILL THE ALMIGHTY SOON PUT AN END TO IT?

THE INIQUITY OF EPHRIAM IS BOUND UP ; HIS SIN IS HID,---Hosea 13, 12. THOU SHALT NOT KILL,---Exod. 20, 13. See Timothy 2, 15, also 5, 14.

I crossed the line for sake of change,
And broader views of life ;
And through misfortune working strange
I got a Yankee wife ;
When, very much against my will,
And greatly to my grief,
With cursed skill she tried to kill
The coming Maple-leaf.

'Tis wrong, says I, 'tis worse than vain,
To waste the years of youth,
Adoring pleasure, shirking pain,
Ignoring sacred truth.
If nature's course is right, says I,
Of sinners you're the chief !---
With no reply, she still would try
To kill the Maple-leaf.

The best of men was perfect made
Through that which He endured ;
And Paul had suffered much, he said,
Ere he the crown secured ;
If still you shirk the pain, says I,
Your pleasure must be brief.
She heaved a sigh, but still would try
To kill the Maple-leaf.

The living atoms you despise,
That down to death you turn,
In fiery wrath may yet arise
Your guilty soul to burn !
You'll bear the torture yet, says I ;
Too late you'll come to grief !
But on the sly she still would try
To kill the Maple-leaf.

Divorce, says I, may not undo
The mischief you have wrought ;
But know that when it comes to you,
By you its more than bought.
You rob me of my right, says I,
You wicked, cowardly thief !
If I comply, you'll more than try,
You'll kill the Maple-leaf.

THE MIGRATORY SWAIN.

FOR THE LORD, THE GOD OF ISRAEL
SAITH THAT HE HATETH PUTTING AWAY.—
Mal. 2, 16.

It was early in the spring,
When the birds were on the wing,
And when every livin' thing
Gaithered life, John Broon !
That a migratory swain,
Who had relatives in Maine,
Had been lookin' there, in vain,
For a wife, John Broon !

She to whom he spoke his mind
Answered, Yes ! but you will find
That to rove I'm not inclined,
Nor to leave this toon.
If I marry for the worse
They will grant me a divorce ;
You could wed again of course !
Would you grieve, Scotch loon ?

Losh ! I dinna like your law.
If, withoot a cause ava,
Married women can withdraw
Frae their men, Lang goon !
I'll do better west or north,
Wi' the law that issued forth
When the twa that peopled earth
Were as ane, Lang goon !

WHYTE'S POEMS.

Still aroving he was bent ;
 So to Canada he went,
 Where a lassie gave consent
 Him to wed, John Broon !
 Next by Huron lake he stood,
 Where they settled in the wood ;
 And while they are doing good,
 They'll be fed, John Broon !

THEOLO ON THE RACE-COURSE.

NAY, YE DO WRONG, AND DEFRAUD, AND
 THAT YOUR BRETHREN.—1 Cor. 6, 8.

From Jingo Bay I sailed away
 To land in Scheeming State ;
 But whither then I will not say
 Lest I offend the great.
 But Uncle Sam was out for sport,
 With subjects of the racing sort ;
 I'm fond of horses, and, in short,
 My skill is up-to-date.
 I'll bet, says I, upon the bay !
 A trusty mare was she.
 I'll bet upon the dappled grey,
 For he will victor be !
 But something soon was ailing Mag ;
 Some deep skilled imp had drugged
 the nag ;
 At length she broke, and ran zig zag ;
 And that came hard on me.

The bay was nearly through the race
 Before she went agee ;
 So, when I tried to get redress,
 The sports would still agree
 That all was fair as lady's face,
 With no foul play, nor fell disgrace ;
 They're all too cute for me, I guess ;
 Their tongues are truly free !

You'll better bet again ! says Mat ;
 But not so much by half.
 The dappled grey is not so fat ;
 Why, Mag just made me laugh !
 I bet and won ! and now, says Pat,
 You'll bet upon my Autocrat !
 I think, says I, I've smelled a rat ;
 I'll not be caught with chaff !

I wonder if it's all in fate
 That one must bet and lose ;
 Or if your fate you aggravate
 By courting needless woes.
 Some think it very wrong to bet ;
 They say it's not your own you get ;
 And if you lose, you're plunged in debt,
 Or robbed of all that goes.

Could Deity at first foreknow,
 And fore-ordain the sum
 Of all the evil men did sow
 Before the flood had come ?
 Decree His own repenting then
 That He had given life to men,
 Grief, needless then, and oft again ?
 Wrath—needless wreck, and—rum ?

I do not think it ! I believe
 That God has done the best
 That could be done ; and I perceive
 That Satan does the rest.
 Nor was it ever God's decree
 That Satan such a fiend should be ;
 So Satan is the cause, I see,
 Of ruin, wrath and waste.

Is bondage vile ? then freedom's good !
 God said, My sons are free ! Ps. 82, 6,
 Then Satan, in his evil mood,
 Perverted that decree.
 Ho ! then, says he, it's understood,
 Though enmity should be my food,
 I'll never, never hew thy wood,
 Nor water draw for thee !

Now, has not God created man
 For Satan's overthrow ? (Gen. 3, 15.)
 And shall we try to thwart His plan,
 And work eternal woe ?
 While God is Love and Peace and Life ;
 And still was Life when death
 was rife ;
 God—Man has died, that He in strife,
 May strike the crushing blow.
 (Rev. 12, 7.)

I think I'll take a lesson now,
 And shun the wily foe.
 To bet no more I make a vow ;
 May heaven keep me so.
 No man can on his luck depend ;
 All games of chance will have an end ;
 The wrong we cannot long defend,
 So we may let it go.

EL DORADO LIES BEYOND.

CEASE YE FROM MAN, WHOSE BREATH IS
IN HIS NOSTRILS ; FOR WHEREIN IS HE TO BE
ACCOUNTED OF ? Isa. 2, 22.

Bright vistas, opening one by one,
Have lent you hope since life began ;
Appearing, as you nearer came,
To bring you pleasure, wealth or fame.
While dimmer lights, by night or day,
Enabled you to find your way,
Bright visions died, or vistas closed,
Or else they found you indisposed ;
But still they come, and still you gaze,
And fondly hope for better days.
Ah, foolish youth, be not so fond ;
Bright El Dorado lies beyond !

Arriving now at manhood's prime,
Across the changing sea of time,
With confidence you steer your bark,
And aim your guns to hit the mark.
For Satan's colors must come down,
And mortals bask in white renown ;
Ere mortal Jews can reign with God,
And rule the Serfs with iron rod.

For sure "the parliament of man"
Would stop the strife of race and clan.
The Anglo-Saxon and the Jew
Would guide the whole, correct the few,
And tithe or tax ; for none would dare
To cavil while the Jew was there, Zech. 8, 23.
But Church and State would both be one
As at the first, when both begun.
You think the promise lights your way,
And so for this you work and pray ;
But no ! your kingdom cannot come ;
To that petition God is dumb ;
Of mortal fame be not so fond,
Bright El Dorado lies beyond !

Now manhood's hopeful strength is gone ;
And grey old age comes not alone.
Old Adam has been much too strong
For good Melancthon old or young.
But though you soon must pass away,
You hope your sons will see the day
When Christ in mortal flesh will reign,
And stop the rage of strife and pain ;
Or sit unseen on David's throne,
And hold the nations for his own.
Your hope is vain ! the dead must rise !
The Christ appear to mortal eyes !
Of doctrine false be not so fond ;
Bright El Dorado lies beyond !

GUARD THE FAITH.

TO AN AULD LANG SYNE LOVER.

THE ABOVE BEING THE PASSWORD OF THE
EVENING AMONG THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

Guard the faith and hold the truth
Error walks abroad ;
Better part with truce and ruth
Than be wrong with God.
"Peace and safety" is a lie ;
Satan comes with power ;
Yet his wrath we may defy
Safe in Zion's tower ;
But before the break of day
Comes the darkest hour.

Mark the Psalm and verse you see ;
No exception there ; (Psalm 38, 11.)
Or, if such exception be,
Tell me who, and where.
Are my words to you as chaff ?
Am I crazy ? No ! (Prov, 30, 1-4.)
Truth will have the latest laugh ;
You will find it so.
This was not in David's life,
Which to you I show.

WINTER ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Winter's on the mountain top,
Grinning broad and fierce to-day.
Farmer, save your turnip crop
Ere the tyrant comes to stay.
Glistening in the rising light
Of the sun's opposing ray,
Lies the snow, so purely white,
All around and far away.
Over garden, fence and field ;
Over woods and hills it lies,
All the scenery lies revealed
'Neath the clear and frosty skies.
There is beauty in the scene ;
But it brings no joy to me,
While I think of what has been
And of what has yet to be.
Evil hours have come and gone ;
Darker comes before the day ;
(Hab. 3, 16.)
Yet I would exchange with none,
Be their harvest what it may.
(Psalm 27, 5-6.)
Lasting shame will not be mine ;
I have sought and loved the truth ;

DAISY LEE

105

I have trusted power divine ;
And He will renew my youth.
I'll recover strength and vim Ps. 39, 13.
Ere Jehovah calls me hence.
Even daybreak, faint and dim,
Brings relief and recompence. Ps. 40.
1-3.

DAISY LEE

OR

SECOND COUSINS IN THE SUGAR BUSH.

Roaming in the moonlight
O'er the crusted snow,
Brings to me a March night
Back from long ago.
We are sitting up, sir,
Me and Daisy Lee,
Boiling down the sap, sir,
In the forest free.
Daisy takes a nap, sir,
Trusting ail to me ;
Caring not a rap, sir,
Late although it be ;
For, from every tap, sir,
Every running tree,
Twice we've gathered sap, sir,
While we yet could see.

We were very young then,
Years have passed away ;
Sugar time again, Ben,
Busy as in May.
In the maple bush, Ben,
Married now, you see ;
After quite a push, Ben,
Boiling still are we.
Daisy takes a nap, sir,
Sitting by my knee ;
Caring not a rap, sir,
Late although it be.
While the maple sap, sir,
Freezes on the tree,
Daisy takes a nap, sir,
Trusting all to me !

Now, as you're aware, Ben,
Daisy home has gone.
With my little care, Ben,
I am left alone,
More to toil than mope, sir ;
More to fight than flee !
While I fondly hope, sir,
She is watching me !
Legal ties are gone, Ben ;
Yet, in time to be,
Give me lovers none, Ben,
But my Daisy Lee !
Till my work is done, Ben,
When my rest I see,
Give me lovers none, Ben,
But my Daisy Lee !

THE SILENT CRY OF THE
INDIAN ORPHAN.

Great Spirit help ! My love is lost ;
He does not wish me near him.
Of folly I must pay the cost ;
There's fairer ones to cheer him.
That pale face, now like adamant,
Smiled sweeter than the daisy,
And must that smile forever haunt
My dreams, to drive me crazy ?
Dear parents ! if by sign or sound
You dare commune with matter,
O leave the happy hunting ground,
And visit now your daughter.
I bear an aching, breaking heart,
By doubt and anguish riven.
A word from you would hope impart,
And lift me nearer heaven.
I weep no more ; but at the school
Of self-reproach I suffer.
If Christ be God I've loved a fool,
And been, like him, a scoffer.
Does God chastise, or vengeance take ?
Was He with anguish torn ?
And is it true that, for my sake,
He bore with taunts and scorn ?
Will he accept confession made ?
Forgive the one forgiving ?

O mother! though you be a shade,
 Speak now, if you be living!
 Or else I go to test his word!
 If it be living water,
 Then He shall be my King, my Lord!
 A husband for your daughter!

STATUTE LABOR IN THE OLD TIMES.

THE PATHMASTER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MEN
 BEFORE THE ATTACK ON GRAVEL HILL.

Pull ye of the coat, boys! roll ye up the
 sleeve!
 Bentinck is a hard road to travel, I believe.
 But rally to the work, boys! never be afraid!
 Harry wi' the scraper; Johnny wi' the spade;
 Sandy wi' the plough team; Tommy wi' the
 axe;
 Got to do the road work as well as pay the
 tax.
 It's neither fun nor play; but it's nobler than
 they.
 He that hates the work, sir, loves the evil
 way.
 Sing fal de ral al, fiddle all de day!

Tommy, take your axe, lad, an' level yonder
stump ;

Cut it by the ground ; an' we'll roll away the
lump,

An' cover up the root, so it won't be in the
road.

Needs a load o' gravel dumped upon the sod.
Sandy's on the hill top tearin' up the soil ;
We'll move it wi' the shovels an' the jumper
for a while.

Workin' for the Queen, Jack, never think o'
pay !

He that hates the work, sir, loves the evil
way.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

Willie, bring your oxen ! us an' Harry Mill
'Ill grub about the stumps that we see upon
the hill.

Buck 'ill have a job, Hal, tuggin' at the
roots ;

Some o' them are green sir, fed by livin'
shoots.

Then on t'other side we'll move a lot o'
stones,

Some o' them are boulders ; ain't they Mr.
Jones ?

But never curse the ground, lest it cover
you, they say.

He that hates the work, sir, loves the evil
way.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

MY FAR-AWAY ROSE.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS
FLEE AWAY.—Song. 4, 6. WHO IS SHE THAT
LOOKETH FORTH AS THE MORNING?—Song. 6,
10.

There's a warbler too good for the far-away
wood ;
She would sing, as my captive, more sweet
than as free ;
She reminds me of Spring, and the life it
will bring ;
For her presence was more than her music
to me.
She is mild as the moon in September or
June ;
And she smiles like the landscape when
summer is near.
For my far-away Rose I'll get sick, I sup-
pose ;
For Fate still defies me to wed her, I fear.
She is bright as the sky when the cloud
shadows fly ;
And as sound as the cedars that grow by the
stream ;
Active hands, nimble feet, wrist and ankle
so neat,
That I oft see them all in my fond, foolish
dream ;

And her promise is sure, and her converse
as pure
As the chorus of birds when the morning is
clear.
For my far-away rose I'll get sick, I suppose ;
For Fate still defies me to wed her, I fear.
Shadows linger, but Love, shining through
from above,
Gives her face all the grace of the glad sum-
mer day.
O, her feelings are fine, and her temper
divine,
And her mind is as rich as the vines of
Cathay ;
And her heart is as kind as a gentle south
wind ;
So her welcome was sweeter than songs in
my ear.
For my far-away Rose I'll get sick, I sup-
pose ;
For Fate still defies me to wed her, I fear.

LADY DIDO.

O, there is a humble cabin,
That belongs to Uncle Eben,
That's unshaken by the tempest, unmolested
by the wars ;
And there is just where I go,

To see my lady Dido,
Whose locks are like the streamers, and
whose eyes are like the stars.

If not over wise or wealthy,
She is hale, and she is healthy ;
And her mind conveys your wisdom to a
heart that takes it in.
So she would ne'er despise me,
Nor think to misadvise me ;
But always try to keep me from the whiskey
and the gin.

She is neither cross nor cranky ;
She is neither proud nor pranky ;
She is neither bluff nor brazen, though she
labours in and out.
So may she ne'er astray go,
As haughty maidens may go ;
Nor fall by Pomp or Perfidy, but put them
to the rout.

HALF SQUAW.

Though half a squaw by her mamma,
My love was neat and cleanly.
She ne'er would beg, nor break the law,
Nor cheat, nor dicker meanly.
She drew her baskets, few or more,

Upon a light construction ;
And ne'er a wag dare tilt it o'er,
Nor try to raise a ruction.
'Twas with myself she fell in love ;
She in the forest met me ;
And sure it was the powers above
That helped her, then, to get me.
She'll tramp no more, though, at the store,
My queen may sell a basket ;
For she is poor ; and I am sure
Her crown's beyond her casket.
She handles horse and rig and whip ;
She can't afford a coachman,
There's grace and strength about her lip ;
Her faither was a Scotchman.

PENSIVE WEE LADY.

Pensive, little, pious lady
Tripping through the wood ;
Been to church with cousin Freddy ;
Scarcely understood
What the wise and learned preacher
Meant to say, or said ;
Yet the Truth will surely teach her ;
Do not be afraid.
Though the templer never can her
Graceful shape ignore ;

Though her own appointed one should
Wring her bosom's core ;
Pray that she may never yield to
Folly, sin and death ;
But, on such a battle field ; may
Conquer by her faith.

FOR MY LADY'S ALBUM.

My compliments, O lady fine,
Are mair than just the letter.
Gin love wad pass for lawful coin,
I'd like to be your debtor ;
But never pairt wi' Love Divine,
For that is muckle better.
To-day will soon be "auld lang syne",
For time ye canna tether.
And Love Divine has some design
In a' inclement weather.
Tho' demons down may drive the swine,
The sheep 'ill take the heather.

APPENDIX.

A PROPOSAL.

That a new Society be organized, namely, The Temperance, Law, and Order Society.

That the first object be, not to prohibit, but to regulate and control the licensed sale of liquor, and to enforce existing laws.

That it be chiefly a society of farmers, others not excluded; and that each full-pay member shall pay one dollar a year; and that the entire sum so collected shall go to pay for accommodation now ostensibly given for nothing, that is, water, and the use of driving shed, or stable when available, for horses belonging to full-pay members, while in town, without feed; also for the freedom of the bar and sitting room; it being understood that no member is expected to treat, or spend money over the bar, unless he so chooses.

That all persons, male or female, who are not full-pay members, are invited to be associate members by paying 25 cents a year; that they can vote in common with full-pay members as regards the disposal of their own money; but not as regards the bestowal or withdrawal of money contributed by full-pay members. Nor can they claim shed, stable or water privilege except for horses owned by full-pay members. But if they vote the greater part of their own contributions to swell the sum paid by full-pay members to hotel keepers, let them be entitled to the freedom of bar or sitting room without treating, or spending money unless they so choose.

That a committee of full-pay members be appointed to distribute the money so raised among the hotel keepers in the district, township, or county where the society exists, somewhat in proportion to the assessment levied on the property occupied by said hotel keepers.

That a Lodge be established in every school section; that the meetings be monthly or quarterly; and that the entertainment be in keeping with the object in view; singing, reciting, reading, spelling, debating, &c.

But our aim is not so much to lay down rules as to propose a system. We merely ask if something like the foregoing would not be the best way of trying either to regulate or prohibit the liquor traffic? Breweries and distilleries may be left to legislators; but it seems we must have public houses; and the occupation is not necessarily disresponsible. We are supposing that the money given as aforesaid would amount to two or three percent of the capital now

invested in hotel, shed, stable, &c., or about a half rent; that is, if the great majority of farmers, tradesmen and business men in a township or county were paying \$1 each, which would be a small sum to pay for such accommodation as now goes ostensibly for nothing. If hotel keepers were to accept the money they would be in honor bound to control their business so as to prevent intemperance, Sabbath-breaking and such like evils in connection with it, as some have been known to do in great measure. If it should by and by appear that they cannot or will not do this; if law and order is not enforced or preserved; then let us have county prohibition, and offer the aforesaid money, or a larger sum, in lieu of compensation.

The people have no right to license a traffic which they cannot control; and I see no better way than to pay for accommodation as aforesaid, and so control it with the consent and co-operation of the hotel keepers themselves. The abuse of the traffic is much complained of. If that abuse cannot be stopped by those who sell the liquor, then the license should not be given. On the other hand, it is not very honorable to vote prohibition without in some way paying for the aforesaid accommodation. Does every one who votes prohibition take care to pay for water and shed?

Of course the first two or three Lodges could only give certain hotel keepers a list of members, and pay so much for the use of water, shed, &c. But as the movement enlarged the power would grow.

If hotel keepers, as a body, would have nothing to do with it, then perhaps arrangements could be made with church rulers for the use of church sheds. Perhaps water could be provided on the street or on church property. Perhaps comfort and eating, sitting and reading room could be found elsewhere than in the hotel. Must things go on as they are, or can something be done? If we would judge ourselves we would not be judged—1 Cor. 11, 31. The sixth vial is said to open the way for the kings of the east.—Rev. 16, 12. Shall we have no fear of such kings?

Ah well, *perhaps* Chinese and Japs
Are not of much account.

But there is one Unseen King of the East who will call us all to account. The proud wee meteors and great malignant stars may shine while it is night; but where will they be when the Sun rises? There are greater beings than mortal man in God's vast Universe.

THE END.

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